

## Reddie Tumblr Prompts by mseg\_21

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Collection of reddie tumblr prompts [jem-castairs-is-perfection](#)

I'll rate each chap individually.

# 1. "I can't sleep, can I sleep here?"

## Summary for the Chapter:

Rated T

Prompt:

"I can't sleep, can I sleep here?"

"You're a terrible liar."

Eddie let out an annoyed grunt when he felt a hand slap him right in the face just as he was finally drifting off to sleep. He had been trying to do that for hours now, tossing and turning on the cold hard floor, too uncomfortable to be able to. No one seemed to be having the same problem as Eddie, not Bill who was snoring to his right, or Bev sprawled out to his left and definitely not Ben whose hand was the one that had just smacked him.

He knew Mike and Stan were also asleep, they had been whispering to each other long after the others had fallen asleep and Eddie heard when their words began to slow and slurr until they both just stopped talking completely. And Richie. Richie was most definitely asleep having won couch privileges for the night.

Eddie had been so close to winning them himself, it had been down to him and Richie and an arm wrestling competition. Eddie was sure he would be able to take Richie and his lanky arms. He was short but strong and he would have won but if Richie hadn't cheated and distracted Eddie in order to win.

Eddie was an expert ignoring Richie's teasing and taunting but what he didn't know how to ignore was Richie knowingly licking his lips and winking at him. He should have, after all, Richie did that all the time but just a couple of hours earlier he had been wearing that same expression as he dragged Eddie to Mike's room for a make out session while the others watch a movie in the basement. They were almost caught when Bill came looking for them after noticing they had been gone for awhile. After they were found, Eddie had to lock himself in the bathroom for ten minutes to calm himself down — both from Richie's kisses and Bill almost walking in on them.

Richie giving him that same expression resulted in him growing just as flustered before and allowed Richie to beat him with a triumphant cry.

He offered to share the couch with Eddie, of course but he was too proud to accept the offer.

He was seriously regretting that decision right now.

Not only was he super uncomfortable, he also wished he was sleeping with Richie.

This thing between them was very new — so new even the losers didn't know yet — and very exciting and Eddie would often find himself missing Richie in the most ridiculous ways. For example, while they were both in Mike's basement, sleeping just a few feet apart. Well. Richie was sleeping. Eddie was glaring at the ceiling. He wanted to kick himself for passing on the perfect excuse to share the couch with Richie without raising too much suspicion among their friends.

Turned out he didn't have kick himself because in that moment Bill turned around and kicked Eddie's side in his sleep.

That did it.

With an annoyed huff, Eddie got up dragging himself as well as his pillow and blanket over to the couch where Richie was sleeping.

"Richie. Richie." Eddie whispered, shoving Richie's shoulder. He stirred slightly but other than that he remained fast asleep. "Rich wake up."

Richie didn't.

After five minutes Eddie lost his patience and dropped his pillow on Richie's face. Hard.

Richie jolted awake and blinked confused at Eddie.

"Eds?" He grumbled, struggling to see in the dark and without his glasses. "Is everything okay? Why are you awake?"

"The floor is too hard and I'm sure I have like ten bruises from Bill kicking me and Ben hitting me in the face and **I can't sleep** ." Eddie whispered. " **Can I sleep here?** "

Even if he was still barely waking up Richie smirked up at him. "I thought you said you didn't want to sleep with me." He teased.

Eddie did say that earlier, when Richie suggested they share the couch. He had been lying of course but he couldn't just come out and say that. "I don't." He said but he didn't sound very convincing. "I want to sleep on the couch. That's different."

" **You're a terrible liar** ." Richie said, grinning.

Eddie was tired, irritable and now he was also blushing furiously. He huffed, crossing his arms. "If you're going to be a dick I'm going back to the floor but when I wake up with a sore back in the morning I'm blaming you." He whirled around on his heels but Richie grabbed his wrist, stopping him. "What?"

"Come here." Richie said, scooting over against the back of the couch, making space for Eddie.

Eddie didn't move, pouting at Richie. "I won't be a dick I promise."

"I don't believe you but okay."

He tucked himself in the tiny space but even if he tried to make himself as small as possible, he still ended up practically on top of Richie. Not that he particularly minded, Eddie liked the way their bodies felt pressed together from head to toe and judging by Richie's happy sigh, so did he. But Eddie couldn't help but wonder what their friends would think if they woke up and found them like this. Way to make their relationship known. If it even was a relationship. Richie and Eddie had yet to talk about it, about them and Eddie would rather get that out of the way before the losers found out in case this wasn't what Richie wanted and Eddie was just imagining things and

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"No wonder you can't sleep Eds." Richie whispered, Eddie felt his breath against his neck and suppressed a shiver. "I can hear you

thinking from here. Are you sure you're — "

"Are we dating?" Eddie asked, cutting Richie off. As soon as the words were out, he regretted them. He closed his eyes, wishing he could take them back or that at the very least the couch would swallow him whole.

"What?" Richie asked and he sounded genuinely confused. *Fuck, oh fuck*, Eddie thought.

"You know what? Forget I said anything. We don't have to do this. I'm gonna return to the floor now."

"Hey no no. Wait." Richie said, wrapping his arm around Eddie's waist to stop him from leaving the couch.

"It's fine Richie I get it. We don't have to talk about it."

"I didn't think there was anything to talk about!"

And wow, that hurt. It was all the answer Eddie needed, if Richie didn't think there was anything to talk about it meant that this, *them* wasn't a thing like Eddie had hoped. Forget going back to the floor, at this point, Eddie was considering riding his bike home in the middle of the night.

"Shit. No that's not what I meant."

"Richie it's fine just let me go."

"No! Eds I didn't think there was anything to talk about because I thought it was clear that we *are* dating."

Eddie stopped struggling to break himself free, frowning. "What?"

"Yeah. I mean we've been making out on a daily basis, we hold hands, we've been going on dates. I thought it was clear."

"Oh."

"Eddie you're literally on top of me right now. We're cuddling." Richie chuckled and Eddie shrugged nonchalantly as if he wasn't having a

crisis a minute ago. "How long have you been worrying about this? Is that why you didn't want the losers to know about us? Because you thought this was just- what? Me fooling around?"

"No. I mean — maybe."

Richie snorted and he kissed Eddie's temple. "Oh my fucking God you're adorable. And so so clueless but mostly adorable."

"Shut up." Eddie said, blushing furiously. "You said you weren't going to be dick."

"You're right, you're right I'm sorry." Richie said, keeping his laughter in. "But just so we're clear on your question. We *are* dating."

Eddie smiled, a smile so dopey he was glad Richie couldn't see it. "Okay. Cool."

"Are you two idiots done?" Stan said, startling both Eddie and Richie who were sure they were the only ones awake. "Because I would like to be able to go back to sleep now."

Their eyes met in the dark and they burst into laughter which they tried to muffle by shoving their faces into the pillow.

"Guess the secret is out." Richie whispered.

They heard Stan snort. "Please. It was never a secret. You both disappeared for like an hour today and when you came back there was a hickey on Eddie's neck." He said and Eddie blushed, hand instinctively flying to where the mark Stan was talking about was. He had hoped it wasn't that visible. "Now I promise I will be happy for you in the morning but right now you both need to shut up and get the fuck to sleep or I will personally murder you both."

They didn't dare to speak another word, knowing Stan meant every word. Instead Eddie closed his eyes and whether it was the fact that he was now on the soft, comfortable couch or in Richie's arms he fell asleep right away.

## 2. "I won't let anything bad happen to you."

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated T

Prompt:

"I won't let anything bad happen to you."

Part 1 of 2.

They leave the Jade of the Orient around midnight. It surprises none of them to find out they're all staying at the Derry Town House, after all where else would they be staying? Ben suggests they all walk together and everyone agrees, no one is feeling too keen on walking through town alone at night after the fortune cookie incident.

They start walking together, the six of them as a group — a group that is missing one member but none of them brings that up. But soon they break into pairs. Mike and Bill are leading the group, talking about what they're going to do about It. Eddie's glad not to be a part of that conversation, his memories are still blurry but what he remembers is enough to wish it would remain that way.

Ben and Beverly are walking behind them, Bev has her arms wrapped tightly around herself, head hanging low and Eddie can see Ben itching to wrap his arms around her, to comfort her. It's clear she's still shaken up from finding Stan's name inside *her* fortune cookie. But Ben keeps his hands to himself, tucking them into his pockets and resigning himself to just stare at her. Taking in the sight of the girl he had once loved. Maybe still did.

While they walked and without realizing, Eddie had been slowly drifting towards Richie. He doesn't know why but he thinks it's what he used to do when they were kids and that this might be some kind of conditioned action from his part. They fall behind from the group and end up walking next to each other, their arms brushing every couple of steps.

Richie is quiet. Uncharacteristically so. Hands tucked into the pockets of his jacket, staring down at the street and kicking rocks out of the

way. Eddie is quiet too. One of his hands is wrapped tightly around his inhaler while the other hangs limply at his side, itching to be holding something as well.

He wants to say something. Break the silence. Crack a joke. But he stays quiet and it's Richie who finds the words first.

"The Aladdin!" He gasps, taking Eddie by surprise.

Eddie frowns at him. Frowns *up* at him. Richie used to be slightly taller than him when they were kids but now the difference is so much more noticeable. "The- kid movie?"

Richie shakes his head with a laugh. "No, Eds! The movie theater, here in Derry. I've been trying to remember the name of that place for hours. Do you remember? We used to go there all the time."

At first Eddie doesn't remember but slowly the memories start to surface in his mind and soon he knows what Richie's talking about. He nods. "They probably tore it down. The place was already falling apart when we were kids."

"Yeah probably." Richie shrugs, he bumps his shoulder against Eddie. "Do you remember when we saw the movie about the werewolf? All seven of us. And you accidentally poured your drink on — "

"Henry Bowers and his gang!" Eddie says, remembering the incident even if some details are slightly fuzzy. "But I thought we were watching a movie about a vampire."

Richie shakes his head, there's a playful smile tugging at his lips. "It was a werewolf, I'm sure of it. I remember because I was scared shitless."

"You were?" Eddie frowns. He remembers that Richie had been overly fidgety but that was a natural occurrence with him. It never occurred to Eddie that it was because he was scared.

"Yeah, I couldn't keep still — "

"You could never keep still." Eddie quips, rolling his eyes. Even now that remains true. Every few steps Richie will reach for his glasses



and adjust them or run a hand through his hair, just to have something to do with his hands.

"Har-har Eddie." Richie chuckles. "I know that, but that day I remember I had to literally sit on my hands so I wouldn't — " He stops himself abruptly and frowns.

Eddie bumps his shoulder against Richie's. "So you wouldn't — what?"

Richie gulps, shrugging. "So I didn't do anything stupid like hold your hand or something."

"Hold my hand?"

"Come on Eds." Richie runs a hand through his thinning curls. "You had to know that I- you know."

Eddie's eyebrows knit together and he looks up at Richie, confused. "I don't know."

Richie sighs, nervous. "That I had a huge crush on you when were kids."

Eddie stops walking. "You- what?"

Richie nods, his face twisted in discomfort. "You didn't know?"

"Of course not!" Eddie says, voice coming out more high-pitched. "How would I know?"

"Because I was fucking obvious." Richie says, his hand hanging from his neck. "Why do you think I dropped my popcorn on Bowers right after you kicked your drink on him?"

Eddie didn't even remember that part until Richie mentioned it. He shrugs. "I don't know. You always liked getting in trouble with them."

Richie shakes his head. "No, Eds that was me trying to attract their attention so they wouldn't go after my Eddie Spaghetti."

"They beat you up that day! Behind that alley!"

Richie shrugs, nonchalant. "Yeah and then you cleaned my cuts and iced my bruises, so it was worth it."

Eddie shakes his head, disbelieving. "You were such a fucking idiot."

"Now that's something that didn't change."

Eddie laughs, rolling his eyes. He wants to ask Richie if other things did change. Like Richie having a crush on him. Because the more they talk and the more Eddie remembers about their childhood, the harder it is to convince himself that his own crush on Richie has faded away. But he can't bring himself to ask, he doesn't know what he would do with the answer, whatever it might be.

"So, all the fucking names and the cheek-pinching and the jokes about my mom?"

Richie cringes visibly. "Yeah. That was me trying to get your attention."

Oh.

Eddie falls silent, his mind drifting back to the Jade of the Orient — before the terror cookies made an appearance — when they had been just a group of friends catching up after years of not seeing each other. Richie had been calling Eddie all those stupid nicknames and reaching over the table to pinch his cheek before Eddie slapped his hand away and making jokes about marrying his mother that made Eddie feel surprisingly relieved that Richie hadn't *actually* gotten married. All those things Richie did when they were kids that now have an entirely different meaning.

Oh .

Before Eddie can answer, their group comes to a stop at an intersection. There, they say goodbye to Mike who turns left, heading for the library while the remaining five continue straight ahead for the Town House.

With Mike gone, Bill falls back to talk to Bev. Which leads to Ben joining Eddie and Richie, shutting down their previous conversation. Eddie is both relieved and slightly annoyed. But it's nice to talk to

Ben even if it's difficult to match this tall broad-shouldered man with the kid he once built a dam with.

They arrive at the Town House quickly, they might have grown but the town definitely didn't. From the outside it looks just like it did twenty seven years ago. Eddie never went inside when he was a kid but he doesn't think it looked that different from how it looks now.

They check in, collect their keys and climb into the elevator, all five of them. Ben's room is on the second floor and he steps down first, waving at them as the elevator door closes.

Richie and Eddie are both on the sixth floor and they say good night to Bev and Bill as they get off together.

"What are the chances that those two will actually end up in their own rooms?" Richie says as they walk through the empty hallway.

"Who? Bill and Bev?" Eddie asks, glancing back at the elevator with a frown. "You don't think- they wouldn't-" Richie stares at him, shrugging. "Would they?"

"I'm just saying whoever checks on the security footage of that elevator might be in for a surprise." Richie chuckles.

Eddie lets out an embarrassing squeal, slapping Richie's shoulder. "Gross Richie!"

Richie laughs and Eddie has half a mind to worry about the people trying to sleep in their rooms being woken up by that noise. But it's the first time Richie laughed like that in the entire night —real, honest laughter and Eddie can't bring himself to shush him.

"We should give them another show! I'm sure they have cameras in the hallways too!" Richie leans towards Eddie with a playful smirk but Eddie pulls away from him, fighting a smile of his own.

"Get away from me dickwad."

Their laughter trails off and soon they find themselves in front of room 609, Eddie's room.

"This is me." Eddie says, pointing at the door. "Goodnight I guess."

"Goodnight Eds." Richie says, his room is number 612 just a few doors down the hall. "Don't let the bed bugs bite." Eddie scrunches up his nose and watches as he starts to walk away. He's hit by a memory then, similar to this moment. When a young Richie would walk a young Eddie home and leave him at the door, just to go around the house moments later and climb Eddie's bedroom window, careful not to wake Mrs. Kaspbrak.

"You used to climb through my bedroom window."

Richie stops, frowns and then his mouth curls up in a smile. "I did yeah. Almost fell to my death a few times too."

Eddie rolls his eyes, opening his door but not going inside just yet. "It was a one-story window Richie. Don't be so dramatic."

Richie sticks his tongue out at him. "You should leave it open tonight. I might pay you a visit. For old times sake."

"We're on the fourth floor!" Eddie says, shaking his head. " *That* is a fall that could kill you."

"For you Eddie Spaghetti I'll take the risk."

"No. I don't need that in my conscience."

"Aw he cares!"

Eddie rolls his eyes. " **I won't let anything bad happen to you** just because you're trying to sneak into my room so instead of climbing through the window just knock on my door." He chuckles but the sound dies in his throat at the way Richie's eyes widen, before they shine with amusement and — interest?

"I'll keep that in mind." Richie winks and with one final look at Eddie he turns around and walks down the hall.

Eddie hurries inside, knocking his head against the closed door in mortification. He just invited Richie into his room. The implication of it makes Eddie's cheeks burn with embarrassment.

Part of him is glad that Richie didn't take him up on the offer but the other part is disappointed. Richie had seemed interested though and he hadn't laughed at Eddie's suggestion or shrugged it off. There was a chance that he might change his mind later.

*And then what ? Eddie's brain supplies. What would you do if Richie showed up at your door?*

Eddie doesn't know. Maybe he would panic and slam the door in his face. Maybe he would let him in and nothing would happen. Or maybe Eddie would be brave enough to do and say what he couldn't twenty seven years ago.

But that doesn't matter now. Richie is currently in his room and will probably stay there the entire night. And Eddie will do the same.

He's getting ready for bed when he hears the first knock.

"Shit. Oh shit."

He's still frozen in the spot when there's a second one. Louder.

It must be Richie. It *has* to be Richie. No one else knows he's here. He didn't tell anyone else to come visit him.

He didn't *want* anyone else to come visit him.

Eddie takes a deep breath, grabbing the door knob. He opens it while he's still trying to figure out what he will do when he sees Richie on the other side of the door. What he will say.

Turns out he doesn't have to worry about that.

"How ya doing Kaspbrak? Got any rocks on you Rock Man?"

Eddie's breath catches in his throat. The person in front of him is not Richie and despite haven't seen him in twenty seven years, Eddie recognizes him and the knife he's holding almost immediately.

*Henry Bowers .*

And he's here to kill Eddie.



### 3. "It's okay to cry."

#### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated T

Prompt:

"It's okay to cry."

"Stay here tonight."

Part 2 of 2.

He's dead.

Henry Bowers is dead. Eddie killed him. Held the ragged base of a bottle against his chest and watched Henry impale himself in it while trying to get to Eddie, to wrap his hands around his neck, cut off Eddie's breathing once and for all.

Eddie can still feel the weight of Henry's lifeless body on top of him, feel Henry's blood trickling down his face like warm, thick tears as it came out of his mouth. He can still remember his crazed expression, a mask of murder staring down at Eddie as he let out one last shuddering breath.

Eddie had used all the strength left in his body to push Henry off of him and laid there on the floor, catching his breath.

Now he scrambles to get away from the body. The bottle protrudes grotesquely from Henry's midsection, capped end pointing toward the ceiling, blood pooling around him, staining the carpet on Eddie's room. His head hangs to the side, facing Eddie, his eyes half open and glazed and staring at him. They aren't moving, *he* isn't moving but Eddie can't help but feel like Henry is watching him as he drags himself to his feet.

He is back on the floor almost immediately after stepping on a piece of shredded glass with his bare foot, letting out a cry, "Fuck." He stumbles towards the bed and with a hiss, removes the piece of glass. His feet is throbbing as well as several parts of his body, he is only just starting to notice. Probably the adrenaline. There is a dull ache

coming from his arm, blood still pouring out from his cheek. Henry had thrown him around the room before he —

*Before you killed me* , a voice in Eddie's head said. Henry's voice. His head snaps back towards his body and he knows that he's dead, he knows he didn't just speak but Eddie can't help but think that if Pennywise wanted to, he could make Henry wake up and attack Eddie again.

The thought has Eddie scrambling for the phone —on the floor now after falling from the night table at some point during the struggle. He dials 0 and hears the phone ring and ring again, while his eyes are fixed on Henry. No one answers the phone and Eddie feels the beginning of a panic attack start to set in. He can't stay here alone a minute longer or else he will lose his mind.

Eddie crawls over the bed to avoid the broken glass on the floor and side-steps over Henry's body towards the door. He walks by a mirror and catches a glimpse of the way he looks.

He's a mess.

His pajamas are drenched in blood and he's leaving bloody footprints behind him as he walks, his face is white and strained and stained with blood. Both his and Henry's. There's a cut on his cheek and on his forearm from when he tried to fight Henry off as he came at him with a pocketknife.

He can't go outside looking like that. If anyone sees him they will call the police and they arrest him for murder and throw him into jail. But he can't stay here either, he can't. And it's around two in the morning, everyone would be asleep, no one will be outside in the hallway to see Eddie.

Unless people woke up from the noise coming from Eddie's room.

Not giving himself a chance to think about that, he grabs the white hotel robe that's hanging from the closet —ignoring his mind screaming at him of all the people that might have worn it before him— slides on his slippers and walks out.



Luckily there isn't anyone peeking out into the hallway, even though Eddie knows the banging and trashing and knocking around furniture must have woken at least one person up. Or maybe not. After all this is Derry, where things happen right in front of people's eyes without them noticing.

Eddie limps his way to room 612 and knocks on the door. For a moment he's drowned with fear, wondering if Henry might have visited someone else's room first. Richie's room. And if Richie had been half asleep when he opened the door, he might've not reacted as fast as Eddie and Bowers could've stabbed him before Richie could even get out a quip about his mullet. But before he can psych himself even further over Richie possibly being dead, he hears shuffling on the other side of the room followed by Richie's voice.

"Who is it?" He asks, voice slurred from sleep.

Eddie opens his mouth but all that comes out is a shuddering breath. He clears his throat, giving it another try. "It's me." He says, voice low and wavery but loud enough for Richie to hear.

"Eds!" He laughs, footsteps getting closer. "I didn't think you were serious about that late night visit but you couldn't stay away did—" The door opens, Richie's playful smile freezing on his face when he sees Eddie's state and immediately turning into a look of horror. "What the fuck happened to you Eddie?"

"Bowers." Eddie mutters, he feels himself start to shake and he wraps his arms around himself. "Henry Bowers. He came into my room." Richie steps outside his room, eyes scanning the hallway, empty except for Eddie as if expecting Henry Bowers to be there. "He's dead. I killed him." Richie frowns down at him and it makes Eddie nervous and his voice gets higher and faster. "I *had* to kill him, he was going to kill me. He— he came at me with a knife and then tried to choke me. I didn't want to kill him. I didn't but if I hadn't he would've killed me Richie he would've."

"Hey hey hey Eds." Richie holds Eddie's face in his hand, careful with the cut on his cheek. "It's okay I believe you. You had to do it. That fucker should've been dead for years." Richie says, looking behind Eddie. "Is he still there? In your room?"

Eddie nods. "I don't know what to do. I— I was scared that he would wake up somehow. That Pennywise would bring him back. It's stupid I know." Richie shakes his head. "I didn't want to call the police but we can't just leave his body there in my room can we?"

"Yes we can." Richie says. "You can **stay here tonight** and in the morning we will tell the others and figure out what to do with him. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Right now we need to get you cleaned up." Richie says, running his thumb over Eddie's cheek and the dry blood there.

"All my stuff is back in my room."

"I have spare clothes that you can use—" Richie points back at his room, shrugging.

"Do you have a first aid kit?"

Richie's face falls. "Uh no." He says. "I have alcohol. From the mini bar."

Eddie finds himself chuckling even if it's weak and strained. "I— I have one. Back in my room."

"Of course you do."

"Will you— I don't want to go back there alone."

"I wasn't going to let you." Richie says grabbing Eddie's hand.

They walk slowly to Eddie's room, pain shooting up through Eddie's leg with every step. Richie opens the door and draws in a sharp breath.

Henry Bowers is still dead on the floor. The room still looks like the scene of a crime, which it kind of is. It hits Eddie that it could've just as easily been him, dead on the floor.

"Damn Eds, I always knew you had it in you. Pennywise won't know

what hit him." Richie gasps, taking in the sight. "Where's the kit?"

"The bathroom."

"Okay, stay here." Richie says, squeezing Eddie's hand one last time before going into the room.

"Careful with the glass."

While Richie rummages in the bathroom, Eddie grabs some clothes and his inhaler, feeling Henry's dead eyes on him the entire time. He can't take it anymore so he grabs the blanket from his bed and uses it to cover the body. To cover what he did.

"You did what you what you had to do Eds." Richie says, staring at him from the bathroom doorway. It's almost as if he could read Eddie's mind. "He would've killed you."

"I know." Eddie says, biting down on his bottom lip. He doesn't know if it's the pain he's starting to feel taking over his body or the reality of the situation starting to set in but he can feel the back of his eyes start to burn. He doesn't want to cry, not for Henry Bowers of all people. "And I know I shouldn't feel bad but—"

"Hey." Richie moves closer, placing the kit down on the bed. "Hey. **It's okay to cry** Eds even if it is for Henry Bowers. This was one hell of a scare. Of course you're upset."

Eddie's breathing speeds up, his vision goes blurry from unshed tears, knees feeling a little wobbly. But Richie's right there, to hold Eddie once the tears begin to fall. He calms him down and takes him back to his own room. Eddie changes out of his bloodied clothes and uses a wet towel to clean himself. When he walks out of the bathroom Richie is waiting for him on the bed with the first aid kit next to him.

"How do you know how to do this?" Eddie asks, watching Richie clean the cut on his foot with rubbing alcohol. For the first time since Henry knocked on his door, his voice comes out sounding normal and he no longer feels like there's a lump in his throat.

Richie chuckles, his tongue sticking out between his lips which makes

Eddie smile. "Why Eds I learned from the best. Dr. K, who would fix little ol' me all the time when we were kids." He says, wrapping the cut in gauze. "He would clean my cuts and ice my bruises and kiss them better."

"I would not!" Eddie cries, hitting him with a pillow.

Richie shrugs, mouth tugging up in a smile. "No, but I always wished you would."

"Shut up Rich." Eddie says with a laugh, feeling himself blush. He feels ridiculous, he's a grown man he shouldn't be blushing like a kid but that's exactly how Richie makes him feel, like they're fourteen again. Fourteen and crushing on each other. "Why would I kiss your scraped knees or bruised eyes? That's fucking gross!"

"I would kiss your cut foot." Richie says with a shrug and Eddie squeals, horrified.

"Do not kiss my foot!" Richie grabs said foot and leans down pursing his lips and making kissing noises. "No! Richie stop that's gross!" He tries to pull his foot back and when Richie doesn't let go he kicks him with the other foot.

"Ow! Don't hurt me I'm just trying to help you Eds!"

"No, you're being gross!" Eddie snarks but he's laughing, his eyes crinkling at the corners.

"That's harsh Eddie, would me kissing you be that bad?" Richie pouts.

"What? No!" Eddie replies faster than he would've wanted. "I mean—that's not—I don't want you kissing my feet okay? That's what I meant."

He lets go of Eddie's foot and he carefully sets them on the floor. "Just your feet?"

"What?"

"I mean if I wanted to kiss your cheek better— would that be gross too?"

Eddie opens his mouth but the words die in his throat at what Richie's words are suggesting. He shakes his head instead.

"What if—" Richie licks his lips. Eddie is too busy following the movement with his eyes that he doesn't notice Richie moving closer to him on the bed until he feels their legs touching. Eddie's heart starts beating faster. "What if I wanted to kiss your— your lips better?"

"My lips aren't hurt." Eddie whispers. Richie is leaning over him now, dangerously close. He feels trapped between Richie and the headboard but he can't bring himself to move.

"Is that a no?" Richie asks, his face now only inches away from Eddie's, waiting to hear his answer. But Eddie doesn't trust his voice so he opts for shaking his head. "Eds?" Eddie hums in acknowledgement. "I'm gonna need you to say it."

"Say what?"

"Say that you want me to kiss you." Richie whispers and Eddie can hear the nervousness in his voice, mirroring Eddie's feelings. And he might be nervous but he knows he wants this. He's wanted this for so long. Since they were kids. Since Eddie saw Richie walk into that chinese restaurant after twenty seven years of not seeing him —of not remembering him. Just one look and he was hit full force by his feelings for him, his *love* for him, faster than Richie could say 'your mom'. And this might be the worst moment to do this —in fucking Derry, in a motel room with a dead man, a man killed by Eddie himself just a few rooms over— but they might die tomorrow. Hell, Eddie almost died today. He thinks he deserves it. They both do.

Eddie takes a deep breath and he knows Richie can feel him do it more than he can see him with how close their faces are. "Richie?" He asks, Richie hums. "Fucking shut up and kiss me."

Richie lets out a surprised laugh before closing the remaining distance between them and finally pressing their lips together in a kiss. It's sweet and chaste and unlike anything Eddie has ever felt. Richie's lips are chapped and they taste slightly like liquor but they're warm and perfect and moving against Eddie's in a way that makes his

stomach flutter. Richie's hand comes up to cradle Eddie's cheek, forgetting about the cut there. Eddie lets out a hiss and pulls back slightly, "Ow."

"Shit sorry."

"It's okay." Eddie says, brushing off his apology. Richie's hand curls around the side of his neck as Eddie dives in for more, his own hands settling on Richie's chest. The kiss becomes more heated and Eddie feels heat pooling on his belly and he knows that they should stop, before things get out of control but he doesn't want to. It's like a dam broke with their first kiss and flooded his mind with *Richie, Richie, Richie* .

It's Richie who pulls away first, licking his lips that are red and slick from kissing Eddie. "I think— I mean maybe we should stop?"

Eddie can tell Richie wants to stop just as much as him but they're both aware that they should. Even if Eddie's cuts have been taken care of and he's changed out of his bloodied clothes, his muscles are throbbing with pain and he feels tired and worn down and Richie is probably feeling the same way after they day they had. And Eddie doesn't even want to think about the day that awaits for them tomorrow. He nods. "Yeah. We should. We can—"

"Get back to it later?" Richie winks, drawing a laugh from Eddie. He nods again. "Okay." Richie says, giving Eddie one last short kiss. "But I'm holding you in your sleep and you don't get a say in that. Doctor's orders."

Eddie puts the first aid kit away and gets into bed with Richie, his back turned to him. He lets him wrap his arm around his waist and tuck Eddie close. For a moment, Eddie is worried that he won't be able to fall asleep, thoughts of Henry and Pennywise flooding his mind but he finds himself drifting off a few seconds later.

Before he loses his consciousness though, he says Richie's name and hears him hum, sounding close to falling asleep himself. "You weren't the only one with a crush." He whispers into the dark. "I had a crush on you too. I thought I was obvious with how red I would get every time you called me names or pinched my cheeks. I just wanted you to

know that— I wanted you to know that I've wanted this, you, all this time too."

Richie doesn't answer and Eddie is worried that he fell asleep before hearing his confession but then he feels him let out an angry puff of air. "Are you telling me that we both liked each other when we were kids? And we kissed only just now? What the fuck Spaghetti?"

"It only took twenty seven years and fucking Henry Bowers for it to happen."

Richie snorts, tightening his hold on Eddie. "We lost so much time Eds."

"We can still make up for it." Eddie says with a shrug, turning his face slightly so that he can kiss whatever part of Richie he can. It ends up being the side of his jaw. "If I survived Henry Bowers on my own we can both make it through a fucking clown."

## 4. "I didn't drive all the way here to say hey."

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated T

Prompt:

"I didn't drive all the way here to say hey."

"Don't tempt me."

"Richie!"

The train station was buzzing with people and activity and it didn't surprise Eddie when Richie didn't hear his voice over all that noise. He watched as Richie kept walking, a mop of dark curls so tall that Eddie could see him over the crowd even without having to stand on his tiptoes. What he couldn't do was catch up to Richie and his big strides, not unless he broke into a run. He didn't think twice about doing it, no matter how cliché it might look, he needed to get to Richie before he boarded that train. It was hard when people got in his way though.

"Shit sorry." Eddie mumbled at a woman when he bumped against her. He tripped over a man's suitcase but managed to regain his balance before face planting into the floor of a crowded train station. "Fuck. Stupid Richie with his stupid long legs."

Eddie would be lying if he said he didn't love those long legs though or if he said that he didn't love the man they were attached to. He still wasn't sure if it was possible to love someone after knowing them for only one summer. It was barely enough time to even get to know a person, let alone fall in love with them yet here he was, chasing after Richie, hoping to get to him before he got on that train and disappeared from Eddie's life.

They had come to a decision last night. Well Eddie had. Richie had reluctantly agreed that while they had a great summer together, it was better if they go their separate ways. Easier, Eddie had said. Richie lived on the other side of the country and even if his aunt lived in the same town as Eddie and he could visit, it would be too complicated to stay together. They had an amazing last night, they



said their goodbyes and Eddie had gone to bed with his heart aching but his resolve intact.

It was less than ten hours later, Richie hadn't even left yet and Eddie was already regretting his decision. He wished he could take it back. He wished he could tell Richie that he changed his mind.

He wished Richie would fucking notice him and stop fucking walking.

"Richie!"

Finally, Richie stopped. He looked around in confusion until his eyes landed on Eddie and they widened, his jaw literally dropping.

"Oh thank God." Eddie muttered under his breath, slowing down his pace and walking the remaining distance that separated him from Richie.

"Eddie?" He asked, gawking at him. "What the fuck are you doing here?"

"What? No 'hey' or 'it's good to see you Eds'?" Eddie asked, panting slightly.

Richie huffed, eyebrows knitting together. "I- of course it's nice to see you Eds but what the fuck?"

Eddie waved him off, he was bouncing on his feet, still vibrating with the adrenaline of chasing Richie all the way there and the anxiety of how this would play out. "That's okay, **I didn't drive all the way here to say hey .**"

"Why did you drive here?" Richie asked. "I thought you said all there was to be said last night."

"Yeah, well. Those were all fucking lies."

"Which part?"

"All of it. I don't want you to disappear. I don't want to forget about you. I don't want this — *us* to be just a summer fling. I want you. I

want to try to make this work with you.”

“But you don’t believe in long distance relationships, you said — ”

“Shut up, I know what I said! But that was just me being scared and stupid, which I still am. Scared, I mean. Because I’ve never felt this way about anyone before and it terrifies, because I’ve only known you for a couple of months! And that’s why I thought it would be easy to go back to how things were before knowing you, but I was wrong. I don’t want to do that, I don’t even think I that I can do it. What I want to do is to be with you because meeting you this summer was the best thing that happened to me, in a long time. If not ever. ” Eddie said, words jamming together with how fast he was talking. He wouldn’t be surprised if Richie didn’t understand half of what he said but when he finally looked up, he found Richie staring at him with the softest eyes and the dopiest smile so maybe he had at least caught the jist of it. “Are you going to say something? Please say something.”

“Hold me Eds, that was beautiful.” Richie teased, clutching at his chest with his hand.

Eddie slapped his shoulder with a growl. “Fuck you! I’m being serious Richie!”

“Ow! I know! I was being serious last night. I told you I was all in Eddie, that I didn’t want this to be over just because I live on the other side of the country but you said you couldn’t do it —” Eddie opened his mouth but Richie shushed him with his finger. “You said you couldn’t do it and I respected that but if you want this, if you want to try this with me, then I’m fucking in.”

Eddie smiled, letting out a breath he didn’t know he was holding. “I want this. I’m sorry I was an idiot last night.”

“Hey I’m an idiot most of the time and you don’t mind.” Richie laughed, eliciting a giggle from Eddie. “I’m just glad you changed your mind.”

“Well I’m glad you didn’t. I don’t know what I would have done if you had turned me down. Probably jump in front of that train.”

Richie laughed, scooping Eddie up in his arms, wrapping them around his waist and spinning the two of them around. "I could never turn you down Eds."

"Rich stop." Eddie chastised, but his laughter undercut the meaning of his words. "People are staring!"

"You just chased after me in a crowded train station, yelling my name, people were already staring Spaghetti." Richie said, but put him down nonetheless. "By the way, that was really romantic of you Eds. You really know how to make a lady swoon." He added, fanning himself, dramatically.

Eddie rolled his eyes but his lips tugged up into a smile. Before he could answer they were interrupted by a voice speaking into the intercom, the words resonating throughout the station. "Ladies and gentlemen, the ten AM train with destination to Bangor will depart from platform 4 in approximately ten minutes. Passengers are required to board the train to ensure a timely departure."

"That's your train isn't it?" Eddie asked, knowing the answer even before Richie nodded, having seen the way his face fell when he heard the announcement.

"Are you sure I can't convince you to come with me? We can still get you a ticket." Richie tried to joke but Eddie knew he meant every word.

Eddie wished he could say yes and go with him but he couldn't so he swallowed the lump in his throat and offered Richie a weak smile. "**Don't tempt me.** "

"See, you say that but all I hear the exact opposite." Richie chuckled. Eddie saw that his eyes were shiny with unshed tears, the back of his own eyes were starting to burn. "If it's about the money we can skip the ticket, I'll hide you in my suitcase when it's time for them to check. I know for a fact you're quite bendy." He winked.

"Shut up." Eddie said. "You know I would if I could."

Richie sighed loudly. "Yeah I know. I guess I'll call you when I make

it to Bangor?"

"Yeah. And when you get to the airport. And then when you land. And just — whenever you want."

"You got it Eds."

Eddie nodded, biting on his bottom lip. Hard. He hoped that the pain would distract him from the sting in his eyes from trying to hold back the tears. It didn't and he felt a tear escape, but before he could wipe it away and pretend it was never there, Richie used his thumb to catch it.

"Hey, none of that Eds. We'll see each other again. I'll come visit you as soon as I can. And I'll call and text and skype." Eddie nodded again, he didn't trust his voice not to break if he tried to speak.

They had already done this the night before and it had felt more final than this. Yesterday it was a goodbye, whereas now it felt more like a see you later —see you *soon* was better— and yet he hadn't shed a single tear last night.

The voice repeated the message, only this time it announced that the train would be leaving in only five minutes, meaning it was time for Richie to go.

Having said what he needed to say, Eddie cradled Richie's face in his hands and pulled him down for one last kiss. They broke it off quickly, running out of time.

"I have to go."

"I know."

"I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you too."

*I love you*, Eddie wanted to say but he didn't, he would save it until they saw each other again, which he hoped would happen sooner rather than later.

"Don't forget to wave your handkerchief at me Eds, I'll be watching from the window."

Eddie let out a snort. "Why would I have a handkerchief with me? This isn't the nineteenth century."

"I'm buying you a handkerchief for next time."

"Fine, as long as come all the way here to give it to me."

"Oh I'll give it to you." Richie teased, waggling his eyebrows. He walked backwards, away from Eddie and towards the platform. "Bye Eds."

"Bye Richie."

Eddie watched him get on the train, true to his word, Richie found a seat by the window and waved at Eddie. And even if he didn't have a handkerchief, Eddie waved back until he couldn't see Richie anymore.

## 5. Reddie And A Daughter

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated T

Prompt:

"Kiss me."

"You're fun to touch."

"I can't believe I have to do this." Eddie muttered, staring at his reflection in the mirror. Over his shoulder he could see Richie struggling to keep his laughter in.

"You were the one who volunteered to help with the spring play." Richie said, shrugging. "We could've just signed up for the bake sale or something like that."

"I only signed up for this because I thought I would be building trees out of paper mache or sewing costumes not doing — " He looked down at himself with a grimace. "This."

"I think it's cute that they're having a parent and their child playing the old sheep and the young lamb." Richie said with a playful smile, Eddie glared at his reflection.

"If it's so cute then why don't you do it? You're her parent too."

"I could never fit into that Eds." Richie chuckled, pointing at Eddie's costume.

Eddie sighed, Richie was right. He barely fit in the costume himself. They hadn't found a sheep costume for an adult and they had to look for one in a children's store, as if this wasn't embarrassing enough. And now he would have to wear it in front of their daughter's class and their parents. Mike and Stan included, as well as Beverly and Ben, who no doubt would take pictures and make fun of him until their kids went off to college.

"I hate you and your stupid long limbs."

Richie laughed, throwing his head back. He came up behind Eddie,

wrapping his arms around him, tucking Eddie's head under his chin. "That's not what you were saying last night."

"Fuck you." Eddie glared at him and Richie snickered. He slapped his hand lightly. "What?"

"You're wearing a fucking sheep costume and cursing at me. It's ridiculous."

Eddie huffed, disentangling himself from Richie. "I'm taking this off."

"No no wait! I want to get a picture of you and Jess with your costumes." Richie said, searching for his phone.

"So that you can send it to Stan and you can both laugh at me?"

"No, so that I can have a picture of my husband and daughter being adorable as my lock screen."

Eddie's expression softened and he smiled at Richie. "Oh."

"I'm gonna go get Jess."

"Wait — " Eddie grabbed Richie's hand, pulling him closer. " **Kiss me first?**"

Richie's face split into a grin, he wrapped his arms around Eddie's waist. "Is this some kind of kink that I should know of or — "

"Oh my god shut up!" Eddie shrieked with laughter in his voice.

Richie was laughing too, he leaned down and gave Eddie a kiss. And another one. And another one.

"Are you sure you're not the one with a kink?" Eddie asked, pulling back slightly.

"A kink for kissing my husband? You fucking bet." Richie said, he was running his hands up and down Eddie's sides, covered in cotton balls. He squeezed his hips. "I have to admit I'm liking this costume though. **You're fun to touch** . So soft. Like a pillow. My own Eddie-pillow."

Eddie scrunched up his nose, eyes shining with amusement. "We're not doing this. No."

"Fine fine. I *wool* go get our daughter then, huh?" Richie said, spreading his arms like saying 'ta-da!' and grinning at him.

Eddie was shaking his head. "You're ridiculous."

"Says the grown man wearing a sheep costume."

"You fu — " Jessica barged into their room in that moment and Eddie cut himself off mid-curse.

"Hey peanut!" Richie cut in, smiling at their daughter.

"Dad! Daddy, look!" Jess said. She was wearing her own little lamb costume and she looked absolutely adorable. Eddie smiled down at her as she raised her hands in the air and did a ballerina twirl, showing it off. "Guess what I am?"

Eddie knitted his eyebrows, with an amused smile. "A dancing lamb?"

She rolled her eyes, something Richie insisted she got from Eddie. "No, daddy. I'm a *baa* -lerina!" She said, spreading her arms just like Richie did, not long ago when he delivered his own ridiculous joke.

Richie guffawed and leaned down to scoop Jessica into his arms, she squealed in delight. "That's my girl!" He held his hand up so that he could give him a high five.

Eddie laughed. Yes, at the silly joke but mostly at the image in front of him, of his daughter and husband giggling together. Jess pointed at him, "Are you a *baa* -lerina too daddy?"

"Oh no honey not me. You know how bad I am at dancing."

Richie smirked, hoisting Jess up. "Don't you mean *baa* -d." Jess giggled and Eddie let out a snort but his lips tugged up into a smile. Richie grinned, pleased. "Okay Jess go to daddy, I want a picture of my two favorite sheep."

Eddie forgot all about how ridiculous he knew he looked and the fact



that he would have to wear this in front of friends and strangers when Richie set his daughter on the floor and she ran to Eddie, hugging his leg and smiling at the camera. He smiled too, so much that he felt his eyes crinkling at the corners when the flash went off in Richie's phone.

"I want to see!" Jess said and Richie knelt down in front of her to show her the picture.

"Do you like it?"

Jess nodded and poked Richie's cheek to get his attention. "Dad you need to get a sheep costume too! We can go as a sheep family for Halloween!"

"That is an excellent idea baby." Richie said, looking up at Eddie. "Don't you think Eds?"

Eddie's *no* died in his throat when both Richie and Jessica looked up at him with big, pleading eyes. "Yes, excellent. But we're gonna have to ask aunt Bev for help to make dad's costume. He's too big." Eddie could see Richie dying to make an inappropriate comment about that and glared at him to keep quiet.

"Maybe we can all go as farm animals! Aunt Bev and uncle Ben and Jay can go as cows! And uncle Stan, uncle Mike and Jamie can go as chickens!"

Eddie snorted, Richie let out a laugh. "Ha! Oh my god yes! I would give anything to see Stan dressed like a chicken." He said. "Peanut you're a genius, we're definitely making that happen! You deserve some ice cream, you want ice cream?"

Jess nodded, raising her arms for Richie to pick her up. "Sheep love ice cream."

"Do they now?" Richie asked, amused.

"Yes they do. Right daddy?" She said, turning to Eddie who nodded decidedly.

"Yes absolutely."

"Alright then. Let's get you two some ice cream then."

"I want *baa* -nilla." Eddie joked and both Jess and Richie let out a snort, shaking their heads in disapproval. "What? Because your jokes are so much better."

"It was a nice try Eds. You get an A for effort." Richie said, wrapping the arm that wasn't holding their daughter up around Eddie and kissing his hair. "And ice cream."

Jess reached out and patted Eddie's head. "Yeah daddy, you just leave the jokes to dad and me."

Richie and Eddie were still laughing when Richie dragged them downstairs for their ice cream.

## 6. Hammock Fic

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated T

Prompt:

"You mean too much to me."

"Nothing is wrong with you."

Eddie made his way through the barrens easily, heading for the clubhouse. Ben had tied pieces of fabric around some branches to guide the losers to it, but Eddie didn't need them. His great sense of direction was enough to lead him through the trees and bushes until he could see the trapdoor in the ground. He opened it, climbing down the ladder and hoping down onto the floor.

"Eds!"

Eddie let out a strangled scream, whirling around to find Richie rocking in the hammock, grinning at him. "You scared the fuck out of me asshole!"

"It's not my fault you're so jittery." Richie said with a playful smirk, his voice sounded slightly off but Eddie couldn't pinpoint why.

"Fuck you Richie. Where's everyone?"

Richie shrugged, he'd been reading a comic before Eddie came down and now he picked it up, turning the page. "Fuck if I know. What are you doing here?"

Eddie sighed, kicking an empty can someone left on the floor. "My mom was throwing a fit and I just needed to get out of the house. I thought I could hide here until she cools off."

"You should've just called me Eds, you know I can get her in a good mood."

"Beep beep Richie." Eddie said, rolling his eyes, his friend chuckled. "Why are *you* here?"

Richie pulled up the comic to cover his face, answering with nothing more than a shrug.

Eddie who didn't like being ignored especially not by Richie picked up the can and threw it at him, hitting him in the head. Richie sighed. "What are you looking at?"

"Your mom." He replied, not missing a beat. Eddie scrunched up his nose, Richie saw this and he looked almost apologetic. "Shit sorry. Wanna come look?"

Eddie nodded, walking over to the hammock and toeing off his shoes. He climbed on it, the hammock swinging a little with Eddie's added weight. They both used to get into arguments over the hammock every time they would hang out at the clubhouse and Bill came up with the ten minutes rule to try and minimize the bickering but they rarely respected the rule. Richie often refused to accept that his ten minutes were up, leading to Eddie climbing angrily next to him. It wouldn't really be a problem if they just left it at that but the bickering would continue with Eddie annoying Richie by tickling his side, tapping him in the face with his foot, knocking his glasses off and Richie annoying Eddie right back by joking about his mother and spiders falling from the roof and into his hair. It was their way of trying to get the other to leave the hammock, so they could keep it all to themselves but they were both stubborn and no matter how flustered Richie became with Eddie's —more often than not, bare— legs bracketing his or how much Eddie would blush when Richie's hand would try to push him away by wrapping his hand around his ankle, they both stood their ground.

The losers had all stopped trying to even get their share of the hammock. Somehow it was always Richie or Eddie or both in it. And no one enjoyed trying to get between — that.

After a couple of years, they still bickered over the hammock every once in awhile but sometimes they didn't even try to pretend they had an excuse, both of them climbing into the hammock without a work when they hung there.

Eddie squirmed a little, trying to get comfortable. They were situated shoulder to shoulder, their legs a little tangled up from lack of space.

Richie adjusted the comic so that Eddie could see it but even then they have to push their heads together, Richie's curls tickling Eddie's face.

Eddie eyed the drawings in the pages, not really paying attention to them but welcoming the distraction. He could feel Richie's eyes occasionally darting from the comic book to his face, it made the skin on his neck prickle. "What?" Eddie snapped, fidgeting under his stare. The hammock swings from the small movement.

"What what?"

"You're staring at me. You should be staring at the comic."

"But you're much more cuter." Richie cooed.

Eddie rolled his eyes, feeling a blush creeping up his face. He tried elbowing Richie but his arm was trapped between the two of them. He leans back slightly to look at him. "Seriously what is it? Do I have something on my face?" Richie shook his head. "Then what?"

Richie shrugged, turning slightly toward Eddie. "I'm sorry your mom was being a bitch."

"Oh." Eddie exhaled, taken by surprise. "Thanks Richie." He smiles softly at him. Richie reaches up to nervously adjust his glasses. Their faces were merely inches away and Eddie gulped. He felt like he should say something, if only to break the silence but his throat felt dry. Richie was staring at him funny, eyes darting between Eddie's eyes and his lips. Those eyes were comically huge, both from his glasses and how close they were. "Richie are you — "

*Okay* . The last word was swallowed by Richie's mouth. That was currently against his own. Because Richie was kissing him. Holy fuck.

Eddie's eyes stayed open for half a second and he saw that Richie's were shut tight. Richie's glasses were poking his cheek and their noses were squished together. Eddie felt his eyes flutter closed when Richie slightly moved his lips, his hand coming up to cradle Eddie's face.

Eddie let out a noise — a small gasp, when Richie licked at his bottom lip. That seemed to snap Richie out of it. He pulled back abruptly, eyes widening with surprise and — fear.

"Shit! Shit shit shit." He muttered, voice coming out high pitched and panicked.

"Richie — "

"Fuck Eds. Fuck! I screwed up." He tried to get away, forgetting he was in the hammock and tipping over the edge, landing on the floor with an *oof* . The hammock rocked, almost sending Eddie to the ground. He found his balance and peeked over the edge to stare at Richie on the floor.

"Are you okay?" He asked when he saw Richie's scraped knee, covered in dirt. He was staring down at it but when Eddie spoke, Richie looked up at him, his eyes shining with unshed tears. Eddie didn't think that was only because of the fall.

"I'm sorry Eddie. I shouldn't have done that- fuck I'm so stupid." He mumbled, voice coming out quiet and shaky. "Fuck I screwed up. Don't be mad please. I'm sorry."

Eddie shook his head, but Richie wasn't staring at him. "Richie I'm not mad."

"I fucking kissed you." Richie spat the words out with disgust.

"I — you did but I'm — I'm not mad." Eddie assured him, he swung his legs over the edge of the hammock and stood up. He tried to get close to Richie but he cowered back. "Richie it's okay. I know you probably didn't mean it."

Richie let out a strained laugh that trailed off into a half sob. "I did Eddie. I wanted to do it I — I wanted to kiss you. I'm sorry Eds I'm so sorry. Please don't hate me."

Eddie's heart constricted watching Richie sitting on the floor, knees against his chest and head hanging between them. He kneeled in front of him, trying to get Richie to look at him. "Rich I could never hate you. We're — we're friends. Best friends. **You mean too much**

to me ."

Richie looked up, his eyes were puffy and wet, a few tears had managed to escape and were trailing down his cheeks. "You should." Richie sniffled. "You should hate me. I'm — there's something wrong with me. Henry was right. I'm — "

"Rich stop okay? Henry's just a fucking asshole. **Nothing is wrong with you .**" Richie shook his head, closing his eyes. A few more tears slid down his face.

"I like you Eds. I like you the way I'm supposed to like girls." Richie mumbled, quietly. "Tell me that's not wrong."

Eddie sighed, placing his hand on Richie's knee. "It's not. Not to me." He said. "And if it is then — then there's something wrong with me too." He added softly. He felt nervous, admitting something he hadn't even admit to himself but it made Richie look up at him with a hopeful expression and that was better than seeing him cry. "I like you too Richie. The way I'm supposed to like girls."

"You — you do?"

Eddie nodded, giving him a half smile. "Yes dummy. Now stop crying and let me take a look at that knee."

In pure Eddie-fashion he had put together a first aid kit when Ben had first shown them the clubhouse and they kept it there just in case. To Eddie their hiding place was a death trap with accidents just waiting to happen but at least this way they were prepared.

He retrieved it, cleaning away the dirt and disinfecting the scrape before putting a bandaid over it.

"There. It's okay now."

"Dr. K strikes again." Richie chuckled. "Thank you Eds."

Eddie helped him up, letting out a hiss of pain.

When he looked up at Richie he saw a small bruise on Richie's left cheekbone that he couldn't have gotten from the fall. He didn't notice

it before, with his glasses keeping it from view and the fact that he had been pressed against Richie's right side. He reached up, running his thumb carefully over it.

"Bowers." Richie muttered before Eddie could even ask him how he got it.

"Is that why you were here? Were you hiding from him?"

Richie nodded. "I ran into him. Fucker started chasing me, yelling stuff at me. I fell, smashed my face against some bench. Luckily I made it here before he could catch me."

"I'm sorry."

"It's fine." He said with a shrug. "I was still thinking about it when you got here. I kept going over his words in my head. He said you would hate me. All of you. Especially you."

"We could never hate you. Yes, you're annoying and a trashmouth but you're our friend. No matter who you like."

"I like *you* ." Richie repeated but this time his tone was lighter. He exhaled loudly. "Fuck, it feels good to say it out loud."

Eddie giggled, a blush creeping up on his cheeks. He pressed onto his tiptoes, his hand resting on Richie's chest for balance as he captured his lips in a short kiss. "I like you too." He said when he pulled back, Richie smiled dazedly at him, taken by surprise by the kiss just like Eddie was earlier.

They heard footsteps over them and then the trapdoor opened, they both pulled back just as Stan and Bev climbed down. They narrowed their eyes at Richie and Eddie who just stood there with their cheeks flushed.

"What are you two up to?" Bev asked, pulling out a cigarette.

"Eds and I were just making out." Richie said with a shrug and Eddie elbowed his side. *Beep beep* his eyes said.

Stan let out a snort, giving Richie an unimpressed stare. "Eddie would



never go near your trashy mouth."

Richie let out bark of laughter, while Eddie blushed furiously. Stan didn't notice, busy putting on his shower cap. He was the only one who after all those years always wore it down there, no exception. Beverly, on the other hand was staring curiously between them.

"We were just reading some comics." Eddie said, picking up the comic that had fallen to the floor.

Bev gave them a knowing smile but didn't say anything, taking a puff from her cigarette. "Don't let us interrupt you."

Richie fell into the hammock again and without a word, Eddie climbed up with him. They settled into the same position they did before but with the comic book propped up against Eddie's knees. It was familiar but in these new circumstances, having kissed just a few minutes ago, the proximity felt different. It made Eddie a bit nervous and a lot excited.

Their arms were pressed together between their bodies and Eddie felt Richie's pinky shyly curl around his. Neither of them was paying attention to the comic but Eddie kept turning the pages if anything to keep up their charade, while playing with Richie's fingers, twin smiles on both of their faces.

## 7. "I'll catch you trust me. So I dropped you one time we don't have the time to argue about this."

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated T

Prompt:

"I'll catch you trust me. So I dropped you one time we don't have the time to argue about this."

Eddie was having a very nice dream.

One that was rudely interrupted by his mother's voice and the sound of the door. He groaned, rolling around on the bed only to get a mouthful of hair. Richie's hair. Because he came over last night and forgot to leave. And now his mother was going to find them both in bed, naked and kill Eddie or have a stroke. Maybe both.

"Fuck!" Eddie gasped, now wide awake. He slapped Richie's shoulder. "Wake up Richie!"

Richie grunted, closing his eyes harder trying to ignore Eddie.

"Richie my mom is home!"

"Great, ask her to join us." He said, burrowing his face into the pillow. Eddie hit him upside the head. "Ow!"

"He can't find you here asshole! She'll kill me and then kill you!"

" *Eddie bear!* "

"Fuck!" Eddie and Richie both gasped in unison.

"What do we do?"

"You're gonna have to jump through the window."

Richie's eyes bulged. "Excuse me? Who do you think I am? James fucking Bond?"

Eddie shrugged nonchalantly. "You've done it before."

"And nearly busted my kneecap!"

"You just have to you know bend your knees and roll forward."

" *Eddie bear are you home?* "

They both jumped out of the bed and hurried to put on their clothes. While pulling up his pants, Eddie caught a glimpse of his reflection in the mirror and nearly screamed.

"Shit!"

"What?" Richie said, trying to pull up his own pants, nearly losing his balance to turn to look at Eddie. "Jesus christ Eds you look like a fucking leopard."

"And who's fucking fault is that?" Eddie said, glaring at the myriad of hickies that covered his neck and collarbone and spread all the way to his chest.

"I didn't hear you complaining last night. In fact you fucking encouraged it."

Eddie ignored him, putting on a shirt and whimpering when he saw that it didn't cover even half of the marks. "If my mom sees these I'll be stuck in the emergency room for what's left of the summer."

"Put on a scarf or something."

"In the middle of summer? She'll think I have a fever and then-"

"Emergency room for the rest of the summer, yeah got it."

"Fuck fuck fuck. I'm so fucking fucked."

"You? I have to jump from a fucking window." Richie said, he was mostly dressed now even if his shirt was on backwards, only missing his shoes.

Eddie pursed his lips, staring at the door and then at the window

weighing his options. "I think I have a better chance to survive if I jump with you than if I face my mother."

Richie paused while putting on his sneakers, he smiled up at Eddie. "If you jump I jump?"

"What?"

"The titanic Eds? Jack and Rose?"

Eddie rolled his eyes, putting on his own shoes. "This isn't romantic Rich, this is a life or death situation!"

"I'm pretty sure so was the titanic Eds."

" *Eddie bear.* "

"We have to go *now* ."

Richie groaned, opening the window and looking down. "Do I really have to do this?" Eddie stared pointendly at him, Richie sighed. He took off his glasses and handed them over. "Here, the last thing I need is to break my glasses too."

He maneuvered his long limbs to fit through the window and gulped. "If I don't make it-" he said looking down and then at Eddie. "Remember that I love you Eds."

Eddie rolled his eyes. "I love you too Richie, now jump!"

Richie jumped and Eddie made it to the window in time to see him drop like a lanky sack of potatoes. He landed on his feet for half a second -careful to bend his knees- before the momentum made him fall forward, face against the ground. He rolled onto his back giving Eddie a shaky thumbs up.

"Okay. Now throw me my glasses and then you jump. I'll catch you."

Eddie pressed his mouth into a thin line and tossed the glasses. Richie tried to catch them- and failed miserably. The glasses landed on the floor, three feet in front of him.

Eddie whined in worry. "And I'm supposed to trust that you'll catch me? You didn't even catch your glasses!"

"I didn't because I need my glasses to catch my glasses." Richie said picking them up and placing them on his face. "Andale Eduardo! **I'll catch you trust me.** "

"I don't know." Eddie said, hesitating on the window sill. He was considering staying in his room and facing his mother. It wasn't that he didn't trust Richie but his boyfriend was clumsy and easily distracted and the last time he had promised to catch Eddie it ended with him on the floor while Richie swatted at a mosquito. "Last time-"

He was interrupted by his mother's voice, coming up the stairs. Eddie's eyes widened. It was now or never.

**" So I dropped you one time- we don't have time to argue about this. "**

Richie was right. With a sigh, Eddie let go of the railing and jumped. True to his word, Richie caught him but lost his balance and they both fell to the ground, Eddie landing on top of Richie who let out a winded *oof* .

"Told you I would catch you." Richie groaned, grinning up at Eddie.

"Are you okay?" Eddie asked with a concerned smile, tucking a stray hair behind Richie's ear. It was a mess both from the fall and the fact that they barely just woke up.

"Fucking dandy. You know how much I like it when you're on top of me." Eddie snorted, hitting him in the chest. "Ow! Careful I think I punctured a lung."

They heard Sonia call for Eddie one more time and Eddie dragged them both around the house in case she decided to peek out the window. "That was close."

Richie laughed, Eddie had him pinned against the wall, peeking over the side of the house to see if his mother came out, looking for him. He didn't think she would, she probably thought Eddie had already left for the quarry or the arcade. She would talk his ear off about

disappearing on her later but that was better than facing her with a naked Richie in his room and his skin covered in hickeys.

Eddie was surprised when Richie leaned down and kissed the tip of his nose. "What?"

"You're adorable when you're overreacting."

"Shut up asshole."

"Asshole?" Richie said in faux offense. "I just jumped from a window for you! At the very least I'm a *romantic* asshole!"

Eddie huffed out a laugh. "You're right." He said, standing on his tiptoes and pecking Richie's mouth before dragging him away from the house. "My romantic asshole."

## 8. At The Capitol Movie Theater

### Summary for the Chapter:

Prompt:

"We may be soulmates, but that does not mean you can just waltz in here like you own the place. I could have been naked or something."

"What? Sorry- i didn't hear you. I was too busy getting lost in your eyes. Ow! What? I was just trying to seduce you."

Eddie pushed open the door to the cinema, welcoming the feeling of the cool air from the AC against his skin after walking all the way there in the hot summer air. The place was empty except for one person wiping the concession stand distractedly. That person looked up as soon as Eddie walked in, dropping the rag to adjust his glasses.

"Eds my love!" Richie said, flashing him a huge grin.

"Hi Rich." Eddie said. He had long ago given up on trying to get Richie to not to call him any of that, even if it still made his cheeks pink up every time.

"How was the arcade?" Richie asked, his task abandoned, his attention now solely on Eddie. "I wish I could've gone with you guys."

Bill and Eddie went to the arcade earlier that day. They had asked Richie to join them and he would've, if he didn't have a shift at the cinema.

That was probably the only thing Richie didn't like about his summer job —missing plans with his friends. The free candy, the free tickets and the money , even if it wasn't much, almost made up for it.

Having Eddie visit him did too, he would often say.

He did it all the time, visiting Richie. When the rest of the losers were busy or simply when he wanted to be out of the house, he would

hang at the cinema and keep Richie company. Sometimes Richie would sneak him into movies if his supervisor wasn't around or slip him a candy bar or a bucket of popcorn for free and if the place was really empty Richie would sometimes join him and they would watch a movie together and talked as loud as they liked.

"It was good." Eddie said, then grinned. "I beat Bill's ass at street fighter and he had to pay for my ice cream."

"That's my Eds." Richie said with a proud grin. Eddie's cheeks flared up against his will. "You deserve a treat, pick anything you want."

"You know what I want."

Richie grinned, reaching for a package of Reese's cups, Eddie's favorite. He slid it over the counter with a wink. "I always know what you want Eds."

Eddie rolled his eyes, unwrapping the candy and biting on it. He ignored Richie's comment. "Slow day?"

"More like fucking dead. You're the third person to walk through those doors since I got here." Richie groaned. In slow days like this, time seemed to pass even slower. "Are you here to see a movie?"

Eddie shook his head, munching on his chocolate. "When Bill left I played a few more games but that got boring really fast so I thought I'd stop by."

Richie offered Eddie a bright, smug smile. "Are you saying that I entertain you Eds?"

Eddie rolled his eyes, a smile threatening to break. "You amuse me at best."

Richie grinned, pleased. "I'll take that." He said. "I'm really glad you came. I was one second away from bouncing off the walls."

Eddie snorted, that didn't come as a surprise. If he didn't have anything to do, Richie tended to get antsy. "At what time do you get off?"



"Whenever you want baby." Richie said with a leer.

"Shut up." Eddie said with an eye roll, taking a step away from the counter. "I'm leaving."

"No! No Eds, come on." Richie said, reaching for Eddie over the counter. "I don't think I'll make it if you leave. I'll die of boredom."

Eddie chuckled at his friend's dramatics, not planning to leave at all. "Fine but only because I don't have anything better to do."

At that moment two girls walked in, tickets in hand and headed for the concession stand. Eddie recognized them from school, they were one or two years younger than them and they were obviously checking Richie out, giggling at his stupid jokes and whispering to each other when he had his back turned to them while filling up their popcorn bucket. Eddie tried not to glare but he only relaxed when the girls paid and left to go see their movie.

When they disappeared behind the curtain, Richie was back with Eddie in an instant, leaning over the counter towards him and poking at the crease between Eddie's eyebrows. "Don't frown so much Eds, you'll get wrinkles."

Eddie schooled his features, blushing at being caught glaring at the girls, luckily for him Richie didn't ask him what that was about. His arms were crossed over the counter and he was staring at Eddie intently, it made him fidget under his stare. "You— uh. You didn't tell me at what time your shift ends." He asked, but Richie just stared at him with a funny look that Eddie couldn't quite decipher. "Richie?"

**" What? Sorry- I didn't hear you. "** Richie said, with a slight frown then he grinned and winked at Eddie. **" I was too busy getting lost in your eyes. "** Eddie reached over the register to swat at Richie's head, while trying to will his cheeks to go back to their usual color. **" Ow! What? I was just trying to seduce you! "**

Eddie rolled his eyes with a sigh. "You know Richie, if you put half the effort you put in *trying to seduce me* ," He said sarcastically and making air quotes with his fingers, "In flirting with girls like the ones

who were just here instead, you might actually get a date."

"Yeah, maybe except that I don't want to date those girls, I want to date y—" Richie cut himself off but not fast enough. Eddie stared at him, eyes wide and mouth hanging open. "I mean— uh. Hey, look, we're almost out of— uh. Gummy worms. I'll be right back." Richie rambled before disappearing into the backroom.

Eddie stared at him and then at the door once it swung shut. His mind was going a mile a minute trying to make sense of what had just happened. There was no way Richie was about to say *you* as in *I don't want to date those girls I want to date you* as in *I want to date you Eddie*. He was probably going to say *your mom* or something like that. Yeah, that made more sense. Except why would he stop himself or flee if that was all he was going to say?

"What the fuck?" Eddie muttered under his breath before ducking under the counter and following Richie, storming to the backroom. He needed to know how Richie planned to finish that sentence.

He pushed the door open and it slammed against the wall, startling Richie who didn't look like he had been looking for gummy worms but actually pacing around the small room, biting his nails. "Eds!" He said, voice coming out strangely high pitched. **"Dude, we may be soulmates, but that does not mean you can just waltz in here like you own the place. I could have been naked or something."** He said with a laugh but it came out strained.

Whatever Eddie had been planning to say died in his throat and he arched an eyebrow at Richie as the door swung shut behind him. "Soulmates? Richie what— and why would you be naked in here? That makes no sense!"

Richie simply shrugged. "This backroom has seen a lot of things Eds and so have I, you don't wanna know."

Eddie opened his mouth to ask but thought better of it, shaking his head. "Whatever." He said, he gave Richie a pointed look. "What was that back there?"

"What was what Eds?"

“Don’t play dumb with me Richie. What you said back there—” Richie gave him an innocent look and Eddie let out a frustrated groan. “You said you didn’t want to date those girls and then— what were you going to say then?”

Instead of answering Richie looked at the door, his only way out looking like he wanted to make a run for it. Eddie planted himself in front of the door, blocking him. Richie sighed, “Fuck.”

Eddie’s expression softened when he saw that Richie actually looked nervous and he approached him carefully, slowly. “Rich.”

“I was going to say I wanted to date you, not them.” Richie muttered under his breath but Eddie understood perfectly. He gulped, the hand that had been moving to touch Richie’s shoulder freezing in the space between them. “That’s why I flirt with you and not them. I mean I flirt with them a little I guess but not— not like I do with you.”

“You—” Eddie frowned, genuinely confused. “Wait, you flirt with me? Like, for real?”

Richie let out a disbelieving laugh. “Pretty much since I met you Eddie, thanks for noticing.”

“But that was just you being you. Joking.”

“Yeah, no. I meant every word.” Richie said, hand hanging from his neck.

“What the fuck?” Eddie muttered under his breath, distraught. How did he miss that?

Richie grimaced, stepping away from Eddie. “Listen you don’t— we don’t have to talk about this we can just forget this happened and—”

“Shut up. I’m not—”

“Mad? You seem pretty mad.”

“I’m not mad at you, I’m mad at me for missing *this* .” He said, gesturing between them.

“Okay?”

“Why didn’t you say anything?”

“Eds I don’t know how I could be more obvious buddy. I just figured you didn’t feel the same way because you never said anything and—” His words were cut off by Eddie taking two long strides towards him and pulling him down by his neck, bringing their lips together. The angle was slightly off and he ended up pressing his mouth against Richie’s bottom lip and chin but he hoped it was enough to get the message across. Once Richie processed said message, he cradled Eddie’s face in his hands and angled his head right and then they were finally kissing, for real. They only broke apart when someone rang the bell on the concession stand, the sound traveling through the door to their ears.

They stared at each other, blinking. “I— I should get out there.” Richie said and Eddie nodded. “My shift ends in less than an hour though. Maybe— if you want to wait, we can get dinner together? After?”

“Okay.” Eddie said and the bell chimed again. “Go, before they come here looking for us.”

“I’ll let you know when the coast is clear.” Richie said opening the door just a crack, blocking Eddie from view. Before slipping through, he turned to face Eddie one more time. “In case it wasn’t clear, I meant it was a date.”

Eddie’s face broke into a grin. “I know Rich.” He said. “And the answer is still yes.”

## 9. "I need you, please stay."

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated T

Prompt:

"I'll never let anyone hurt you you understand?"

"I need you please stay."

Richie had just zipped up his duffel bag and was ready to sneak out through the back of the inn when he heard a scream through the thin walls of his room. He didn't recognize the voice, it was high pitched and distorted but there was a familiar undertone that made Richie feel uneasy. His first thought was Pennywise. The clown. Tired of picking them out one by one, he had come here to finish all of them off all at once.

If there was a time to get the hell out of dodge, this was definitely it.

Richie grabbed his duffel bag, securing it around his shoulders and in that moment, heard something even more chilling than the scream. It was Eddie, calling for them. Was he the one screaming before? And when did Eddie even come back? And did he sound— hurt? Oh shit.

Richie rushed out of his room just in time to see Eddie stumble out into the hallway, a horrified expression on his face.

"Eddie!" Richie gasped worried, his stomach sinking when he saw he was bleeding, blood pouring from a wound in his cheek and falling to the carpet. He heard Bev and Ben rushing up the stairs and Bev letting out a scream.

"Bowers is in my room." Eddie said, spewing more blood and sliding down the wall and into the floor.

It took Richie a second to place the name but when he did he felt dread and anger spreading through him. He ignored it though, rushing towards Eddie, reaching him first and dropping to his knees in front of him. Eddie looked at him with big scared eyes. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Ben go into Eddie's room and Bev kneeling

next to them.

"Is it bad Richie?"

Richie shook his head, letting out a strained laugh. "No, of course not. It's just a nip."

Ben came back, shaking his head. "He's gone, he escaped through the window and jumped into a car." He said, handing Richie a clean towel. He pressed it against Eddie's cheek and he hissed in pain. "I don't think he will get very far, he had a knife sticking out from his chest."

"We should go after him." Bev said and Ben nodded.

"No, no." Eddie said, trying to grab Bev and stop her but Richie placed a hand on his chest to keep him on the ground. "He's here to kill us, he told me. He's dangerous Bev."

"Ben and I will stay together Eds, he won't hurt us." Bev said with a reassuring smile. "Richie will stay with you, right Richie?" Her eyes darted from Richie's face to the bag on the floor next to him, he had dropped it in his haste to get to Eddie but she had still noticed it. She knew Richie was planning to leave.

But he wasn't going anywhere now. Not until he knew Eddie was okay. Not unless he could take Eddie with him. Richie nodded at her and watched the two of them leave.

"Come on, Eduardo, let's get you inside." Richie said, grabbing Eddie's sides to help him up. "I'm guessing you have a first aid kit in one of your suitcases."

"I have two." He said, one hand holding the towel against his cheek and the other holding on to Richie.

Richie chuckled, leading Eddie into the room. "Of course you do buddy."

Eddie sat on the bed, watching Richie curiously while he looked for the first aid kit. Richie was muttering under his breath about how many hoodies one single man could possibly need when he heard

Eddie speak. “You were leaving.” He said and Richie looked up, a lie already on his lips meaning to appease Eddie but he didn’t look mad, he looked— sad. “You had your bag with you.”

Richie sighed, giving a half shrug. “Can you blame me Eds? I mean this fucking town—” He trailed off, shaking his head, knowing that he didn’t need to finish his sentence for Eddie to understand what he was saying. He lowered his head, finally finding the kit, grabbing it and moving to sit next to Eddie on the bed.

“Was it that bad? What you saw?”

Richie gulped, nervous. “I don’t want to talk about it Eds.”

Eddie nodded but Richie could tell he wanted to push. He didn’t give him a chance. Richie moved the hand that was holding the towel in place making Eddie wince and let out a hiss. He needed to get a good look at the wound. And he did. He also regretted it immediately when he was forced to suppress the urge to gag. Eddie’s eyes widened. “I thought you said it wasn’t bad!”

“I fucking lied, I can see your gums through your damn cheek Eddie, oh god.” Richie mumbled, breathing speeding up. He knew he would’ve freaked out if Eddie hadn’t been staring at him with big scared eyes. It tugged at Richie’s heartstrings and his panic ebbed away slowly, replaced by his determination to protect Eddie. “It’s fine I’m fine I can do this.” He said, mostly for himself.

He managed to clean the blood, disinfect the wound and cover Eddie’s cheek with gauze without throwing up, even if he could feel bile rise up in his throat when Eddie tried to talk and a trickle of blood oozed from the cut.

“I can’t believe Bowers stabbed me in the face.” Eddie said, once the wound was covered and Richie was looking slightly less green.

“I can’t believe you stabbed Bowers with a knife you pulled out of your own face.” Richie replied, shaking his head in disbelief.

Eddie chuckled, wincing slightly at the pain. “Can you hand me some painkillers?” Richie nodded, handing Eddie the bottle. He watched

him as he stared at the bathroom warily, Richie could see the blood on the floor.

He didn't give Eddie a chance to ask, standing up and heading for the bathroom himself. "I'll get you some water." He said, he remembered that Eddie didn't like bathrooms on a normal day and he certainly didn't when the tiles were covered with his own blood. He received a grateful smile in return.

They sat in silence while Eddie downed the pills and the water. Then he met Richie's eyes and without preamble, he said, "You can't leave."

"Yes, I can." Richie said in a serious tone. "And so can you." He added and watched Eddie shake his head. Richie's lips pressed in a tight line. "Eds, come on. You can't possibly be thinking of staying after—" He gestured at his face, at his bandaged cheek. "You were stabbed! And that was just Bowers! Who knows what will happen when we go against Pennywise!"

"I won't be alone then, when we go against it."

"Eddie—"

"We can't leave them. You heard Mike, it won't work if we're not together."

"Mike? He was the one who suggested we split up in the first place and look where that got us!" Richie said, voice becoming more high pitched.

"This isn't about me Richie."

"Like hell it isn't Eddie! You have a new fucking hole in your face for fuck's sake." Richie cried, his voice as high as Eddie's voice back when they were kids. He was scared and he didn't bother hiding it. "And if we stay— if you stay you could *die* Eds!"

"And according to Bev, if we leave we will die too Richie!"

Richie was shaking his head, eyes shut tight. He needed to stand his ground, he had made a decision, after the arcade, after he ran into



the fucking clown. His bag was already packed. He could stand up, grab it and leave. Leave Derry, leave the losers, leave Eddie. Except that was the only thing that was stopping him, leaving Eddie. He couldn't. It would go against every fiber of his being to leave Eddie behind and the little bastard knew it. He knew Richie wouldn't leave him, without him.

He heard Eddie sigh and felt his hands reach up to cradle his face. Richie opened his eyes against his better judgement. "Richie." Eddie said softly. "I know you're scared. I am too, but we have to do this. And I can't— I can't do it without you, **I need you. Please stay .**"

Richie's shoulders slumped, knowing the battle was lost the moment Eddie looked at him with those big eyes like he used to do when they were kids, the moment he said he needed Richie. "I hate you." He said but his tone made it clear that he didn't mean it.

And Eddie knew it. "No you don't."

"No I fucking don't." Richie muttered, he narrowed his eyes at Eddie. "If I die, it will be on you Eds."

Eddie chuckled, rubbing his finger over Richie's cheek. "Shut up, you're not dying. **I'll never let anyone hurt you, you understand?**"

Richie blinked at Eddie, at the determination in his voice. He poked his cheek, not hard enough to make it hurt. "I wish I could say the same to you. Fucking Bowers."

"Do you think they found him?"

Richie shrugged and Eddie dropped his hands, he started missing the contact immediately. "If they did, I hope they killed him or I'm gonna have to kill him myself."

Eddie snorted. "You almost passed out with this." He said, pointing at his own cheek. "I'm sorry if I don't believe you could kill a man."

"For you I would, Eds." Richie said and he meant it. For Eddie he would do anything, even stay in this shitty town and fight a demonic clown even if every fiber of his being was telling him to leave and

never come back. “Come on. Let’s find the others.” He said, grabbing Eddie’s hand and dragging him out of the room. They agreed their best bet was to go to the library and hope that the others would get there eventually.

Richie didn’t let Eddie out of his sight the entire time.

## 10. Jealous Eddie

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated T

Prompt:

"Are you jealous? That's cute."

"Really? You made me drive all the way back here just to kill a fucking bug?"

"Oh you did *not* just throw a blue shell at me!" Eddie yelled, nearly throwing the Wii remote at the screen or at Richie, sitting on the couch next to him. "I was about to win!"

"Sucks to be you Eds!" Richie said with a laugh, watching his Waluigi advance to first place just as he finished the final lap.

"You asshole." Eddie muttered trying to recover but the damage was done. The game didn't even let him finish the lap, his Yoshi fell too far behind to make it. He turned to glare at Richie. "I demand a rematch."

"You're on Eds but you're still going to lose." Richie said with a smirk.

Eddie scoffed, narrowing his eyes at him. "Don't call me that." He said picking up his remote to start a new round. "Get ready to get your ass kicked."

Richie let out a snort. He glanced down at his watch and winced slightly when he realized he didn't have much time before he had to leave the apartment but he didn't have the heart to tell Eddie he couldn't play at least another round.

"Shit! Stupid Toad! Stupid fucking mushroom!" Eddie groaned when his Yoshi was hit with a red shell that sent him spinning around, out of control. He tried to get him back on track and failed. "Oh my god! Can you moooove?"

Richie chuckled under his breath, trying to keep his eyes on the

screen but they drifted towards Eddie. He was screaming at the TV, sitting cross legged on the couch and leaning forward with an angry, focused expression on his face. He would tilt to the left and to the right along with his remote as if that would make Yoshi move too and he kept letting out small puffs of air trying to blow away the hair that had fallen to his face without messing up the game. It was incredibly cute. Richie didn't realize he was so focused staring at him, a small smile tugging at his lips, until he heard the tell tale sound of Waluigi falling off the edge of Rainbow Road.

"Fuck." He muttered, his attention returning to the screen. He tried to catch up with Eddie who was currently in third place.

Eddie let out a bark of laughter. "You're going down Tozier!"

"In your dreams Kaspbrak!"

But he was too far behind and not even the Bullet Bill was enough to help him overtake Eddie, who finished the race in second place. It wasn't first place, sure but it was better than Richie's ninth place.

"Ha!" Eddie said, scrambling to stand on the couch, pointing at Richie with a grin plastered on his face. "In your face!"

Richie felt a smile tugging at his lips watching Eddie's childish yet adorable act but he fought it off to glare at him like the sore loser he was. "No fucking way, let's go one more time. Best two out of three."

Eddie's eyes lit up. "Loser pays for dinner?"

Richie opened his mouth to say yes when he remembered something. "Fuck, I can't."

Eddie rolled his eyes playfully. "You just say that because you know you're going to lose."

"No. I — uh. I have to go." Richie said, glancing down at his watch with a frown. He looked up again just in time to watch Eddie's face fall.

"Oh. Where?"

"I have a date."

Eddie flopped back down on the couch, facing Richie. "A date?" He asked in a soft voice.

"Uh yeah. I'm— I'm going out with Taylor, the girl from the radio station. We're grabbing dinner."

"Oh." Eddie said again, shoulders slumping, a tiny crease appearing on his forehead.

Richie wanted to reach over and smooth it down. He didn't like seeing Eddie upset. "But hey—" He said, knocking his knee against Eddie's with a smile. "We can still have that rematch when I get back."

"I'll probably be asleep by then. I'm tired." Eddie said, moving on the couch to face the screen, hugging his legs against his chest.

"Oh. Okay." Richie said, deflating slightly. Eddie was staring at the TV, flipping through the channels and ignoring Richie. "I guess I'll go change." He said, getting a nod from Eddie before sneaking away to his room.

When he emerged wearing mostly clean clothes and dangling his car keys, Eddie was still sitting on the couch, still frowning. Richie sighed, wishing he didn't have to go, that he could climb back to the couch with Eddie and have their rematch, make him laugh so hard that his stomach hurt and his eyes crinkled. Richie loved seeing him like that, Richie loved — he shook his head, this was not the time to be having these thoughts.

"Uh, I'm gonna head out now."

"Okay." Eddie said then he opened his mouth to say something else, closed it, frowned a little bit harder, shook his head and settled on, "Have fun."

Richie offered a tight lipped smile that Eddie returned until he blurted out in an attempt to lighten the mood, "Don't wait up."

That made Eddie cast his eyes down with a frown, before turning his

attention back to the TV.

"Fuck." Richie muttered under his breath and without another word he slipped out of their apartment.

He had been driving for five minutes when his phone started ringing. He knew he shouldn't pick it up while he was driving but he did it anyway. At least he did it without taking his eyes off the road.

"Hey Taylor. I'm already on my way." Richie said, assuming it would be her calling.

"It's not Taylor."

Richie frowned, recognizing the voice. "Eds? What's up?"

"Uh — " Eddie started but he didn't seem to know what to say. "I — uh. You need to come back."

Richie raised his eyebrows. "What? Why? Did I forget something? Are you okay?"

Eddie groaned and Richie could picture him rolling his eyes. "Just — come back okay?"

"Eds I can't, I — "

"Richie please."

Richie pursed his lips, checking the clock. There was still time, Taylor's apartment wasn't really that far. He had left with time to spare, hoping to smoke a cigarette before his date to calm his nerves. He could still drive back to their apartment, deal with Eddie and make it there on time. He sighed, "Tozier you're so fucking pathetic." He muttered under his breath, all it took was a call from Eddie and he would drop everything for him.

"What?" Eddie asked, still on the line.

"Nothing Eds. I'll — " He sighed. "I'll be there in five." He said, heard the phone click and set the lights to make a U turn.

When he arrived at his apartment he expected Eddie to be hurt or the place to be on fire but he found him in the exact same position he was when Richie left.

He startled when Richie flung the door open, blinking up at him.

"Okay I'm here. What is it?"

"Uh." Once again Eddie didn't seem to know what to say and he gaped at Richie. "There was a- uh. A cockroach!" He said, pointing vaguely at the floor. "There was a huge cockroach and you know how much I hate them and — I needed you to kill it."

Richie blinked at Eddie. "Really? **You made me drive all the way back here just to kill a fucking bug ?** "

"Yes?"

"Eddie!"

"I'm sorry but you know how much I hate them and that I'm incapable of killing them and that I wouldn't be able to sleep knowing it was here, you know that!"

Richie sighed, he did know all of that but he couldn't help but find it slightly ridiculous. "Eds I'm going to be late for my — "

"Yeah your date, I know." Eddie said, rolling his eyes. "You know what? Fine! Go! Even if I won't be able to sleep and — and I'm gonna have nightmares about cockroaches infesting our apartment but that's fine because you clearly care more about some stupid girl than you care about your best friend!"

Eddie crossed his arms, huffing in anger. Richie stared at him, shocked. He looked way too angry for it to have anything to do with a stupid bug.

"Eddie." He said, narrowing his eyes at his friend who was now pouting like a child. Like a *jealous* child. "Oh my god. **Are you jealous?** "

"What?" Eddie snapped, shaking his head. "I'm not fucking jealous."

He said, wrapping his arms tighter around himself, not meeting Richie's eyes.

"Oh my god, you are! I can't believe it— **that's cute.**"

"Fuck off Richie, why would I be jealous?"

Richie shrugged. "I don't know, you tell me. We were fine until I told you I was going on a date and then you got all prissy and hurt and then you called me and told me to come back just because of some bug — is there even a cockroach?"

Eddie's jaw clenched and he let out a huff. "There *could* be, with how many half-eaten sandwiches you have in your room."

"Eddie." Richie said softly, ignoring Eddie's comment and his attempt to change the subject. He gave him a pointed look and watched as Eddie burrowed his face in his hands.

"There's no cockroach." He muttered into his hands.

"What?" Richie asked, moving to sit next to him on the couch.

Eddie dropped his hands, letting out a frustrated groan. "I lied. I didn't see a cockroach. I just — I didn't want you to go on that date."

Richie bit on his bottom lip, suddenly anxious. He nudged Eddie's leg with his. "Why not? You don't like Taylor?"

"It's not her, I don't — I don't want you to go out with anyone." He said, voice quiet and nervous. He took a deep breath, lifting his head to look at Richie. "Unless — uh. Unless it's with me."

Richie's eyes widened and he stared at Eddie in surprise, words refusing to come to his mouth.

Eddie sighed. "Fuck I'm sorry, that's incredibly selfish. You should go, you can still make it there on time and if you're late, you can tell her it was my fault." He said, playing with a loose thread from the couch. Richie didn't move, staring at Eddie in disbelief, he couldn't believe this was happening. "Richie, go! It's not everyday someone agrees to go on a date with you. Don't blow it." He said, trying to sound



lighthearted but it came out strained.

"She asked me out." Richie said and he didn't know why he thought that was relevant but he felt like he needed to clear it up. Eddie frowned at him, cocking his head to the side. "I didn't ask her, she asked me. And I said yes because well, she's nice and cool but I mostly said yes because — because I thought I had zero chance with you Eds."

"What?"

"I've wanted to go out with you since we were thirteen."

" *What?* "

Richie shrugged. "I just thought you would never like me!"

Eddie hit Richie's shoulder. "You idiot!" He said but he was smiling and Richie couldn't help but lean forward and kiss that smile like he had always wanted to do. Eddie let out a squeal before melting into the kiss, cradling Richie's face in his hands. They pulled back, the two of them smiling.

"I can't believe — " Richie said. "That you were fucking jealous Eds!"

"Oh fuck off!" Eddie said grabbing a pillow and hitting Richie with it.

"That's so fucking cute. Cute cute cute." Richie continued even though he was being smothered with a pillow. To fight back, he grabbed Eddie's waist and pushed him into the couch, grabbing his own pillow and hitting him with it. There were a few stolen kisses between their pillow fighting. They didn't break it off until they heard the clock chime at seven o'clock.

"Oh shit!" Richie said, pausing with his pillow held above him. Eddie poked his belly where his shirt had ridden up in the struggle. "I have to call Taylor and cancel."

Eddie's face scrunched up, looking embarrassed. "I feel bad, it's my fault."

Richie shrugged. "It is yeah, but hey better now than when we're old

and married and with 2.5 children."

Eddie let out a snort but Richie could tell it was still bothering him. He leaned down and kissed him, quick and sweet. "Hey I'm gonna go make the call. Why don't you set that match I owe you. Loser buys dinner?"

Eddie smiled and nodded, surging up to kiss Richie one more time before he removed himself from his position on top of Eddie. He picked up the Wii remote and started to pick the settings. "You're going down Tozier." Eddie said, echoing his own words from before.

This time though Richie's response was different. "Down on you? Man I hope!"

He ducked just in time to dodge the remote that a very flustered Eddie tossed at him.

## 11. NSFW - Reddie In The Shower

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated E

Prompt: IN THE SHOWER NEED/ LUST WITH THE SPECIAL REQUEST OF TOP! EDDIE PLEASE MORE FICS WHERE EDDIES TOPPING. MAYBE W/ SOME MISSING THE OTHER, LONGING, AND/OR CONFESSING FEELINGS SPRINKLED IN THERE.

The first thing Eddie did when he arrived at Richie's apartment in California was take a shower. He needed to wash off the five hour flight he had to take to visit his best friend before they could do anything else. Richie knew that and he drove them straight to the apartment after picking Eddie up from the airport, pointing at the bathroom as soon as they stepped inside and showing Eddie how to turn use the shower.

He'd been in there for five minutes when Richie knocked on the door.

"Hey Eds did I leave my phone in there?" He asked. "I can't find it anywhere."

Eddie peeked around the shower curtain, seeing Richie's phone on top of the sink. Eddie rolled his eyes. "I swear he doesn't lose his head because it's stuck to his shoulders."

"What's that?"

"It's here!" Eddie said loud enough so Richie could hear over the sound of water running, he reached for his towel, one foot on the bathroom carpet. "Give me a second and I'll give — *Richie what the fuck?* " Eddie screeched when Richie barged into the bathroom, where Eddie was naked, wet and exposed.

"Shit Eds fuck sorry." Richie said, eyes wide behind his glasses. Eddie could tell he was trying really hard not to let them drift down to where Eddie was trying to cover himself with his hands.

“I told you to give me a minute!”

“I didn’t hear you! I thought— I figured you’d be in the shower. Why aren’t you in the fucking shower?”

“Because I was going to grab your phone and give it to you!”

“Oh.” Richie said, lowering his head before remembering he shouldn’t do that and tilting it up to stare at the ceiling instead, his neck and his entire face were flushed. “Fuck sorry Eds.”

They stood there, Richie trying not to stare at Eddie and Eddie trying to find it in him to move, either back behind the curtain or to grab the towel and cover himself but he couldn’t. He also wanted to yell at Richie to get out but for some reason he couldn’t do that either.

“You— uh. You’ve been working out?” Richie asked and Eddie spluttered.

“What?”

“You look different, your arms, they’re more defined and your chest—” He trailed off, his blush having reached his ears by now.

Eddie nodded dumbly. “Yeah I started running before class.”

“Oh. Well it’s working, you look—” He licked his lips, he wasn’t staring at the ceiling anymore but at Eddie’s chest. Just one small movement and he would be staring at Eddie’s dick. The thought wasn’t as off-putting as Eddie would’ve thought. In fact his dick twitched slightly in interest at the idea. Could Richie see that? “I like it.”

Heat coiled in Eddie’s stomach both at what he said and his voice, lower and huskier than usual.

“Yeah?”

“Fuck yeah, Eds. You— you look fucking hot man.”

Eddie gulped, feeling something hot and fizzy bubbling in his belly. Taking a deep breath, he let his hands hang down at his sides,

exposing himself.

Richie shut his eyes hard and fast, face scrunching up. Eddie used the opportunity to look at him, he'd changed into an old shirt and sweatpants and they did nothing to hide how much the sight of a naked Eddie was affecting him. Want and lust thrummed through Eddie's veins, making him bolder. "You can look if you want." He said and heard Richie let out a small whine, shutting his eyes even tighter. "I can see just how much you want to."

"Fuck Eds." Richie muttered, shaking his head, with his eyes still closed he moved his hands in front of his pants where his hard cock was fairly visible. "I didn't mean to, I'm sorry—"

"It's okay." Eddie said softly, trying to calm Richie's nerves. "I— I want you to."

Richie opened his eyes, they were wide with shock but behind that, Eddie could see lust. It made him lick his lips and Richie followed the movement with his eyes, hungrily. "You want me to what?"

"I want you to look."

Richie moved forward bringing them closer. "Just look?" He asked and Eddie shook his head. "What else?"

Eddie's mind buzzed with ideas of all the things he wanted Richie to do other than look. Not knowing which one to speak out loud, he chose not to say anything. Instead he surged forward, slotting their lips together. For a moment, Richie was entirely blindsided but as soon as his instincts kicked in, he was kissing Eddie back. It was sloppy and hungry, Eddie weaved his fingers in Richie's hair and Richie grabbed Eddie's hips, not caring that he was wet and slippery from the shower.

Oh crap.

The shower.

"Rich we're wasting water." Eddie muttered against Richie's lips.

"I'll turn it off."

“Actually—” Eddie pulled back slightly, already panting. “I was wondering if you would want to join me?”

Richie gulped, before nodding vehemently. “Yes. Fuck yes.”

They broke apart for Richie to take off his clothes, while Eddie stared the whole time. When he took off his sweatpants —no underwear, because Richie wanted to kill him— his eyes zeroed in on his dick, hard and leaking precome against his stomach. Eddie’s mouth watered, his own dick twitching and hardening further.

Eddie climbed into the shower and Richie followed, sticking his head under the stream, the water plastering his curls against his face. “You should’ve taken off your glasses.” Eddie said watching as they started to fog up.

Richie shook his head, droplets of water flying from his hair. “I want to see you.”

Eddie’s expression softened and he smiled. “You fucking sap.”

Richie grinned before leaning down and licking into Eddie’s mouth. Eddie’s hands roamed over Richie’s naked chest, while Richie held onto his hips. Eddie moved them around until Richie’s back was pressed against the wall, before dropping to his knees.

“Oh fuck.” Richie gasped, looking down at Eddie. “Eds you don’t have to.”

“I want to.” Eddie said, licking his lips. He moved closer so that the water fell on his back and not on his face, bringing Richie’s dick closer to him. “Do you want me to?”

“God yes.” Eddie smirked before running his tongue along the vein on the underside of Richie’s cock in one swift movement that had Richie scrambling at the tiles, searching for something to hold on to. “Fuck fuck fuck.”

Eddie wrapped his hand around the base, taking Richie into his mouth. He moaned desperately, one of his hands holding on to Eddie’s wet hair. Eddie bobbed up and down, circling his tongue around the tip. He tried to look at Richie, loving the way he looked

with his stomach pulled taut and his mouth open but water from the shower would fall into his eyes. He was really getting into it when Richie pushed him back gently, Eddie frowned at him.

“What is it? You’re close?”

“No, yes. I— I need a minute. I need—” Richie’s chest rose and fell with his heavy breathing. He closed his eyes trying to calm himself down before meeting Eddie’s eyes. “I’ve missed you.”

Eddie frowned, letting out a chuckle. “I’ve missed you too Rich.” Of course he had, he hadn’t seen his best friend in months but he didn’t understand how that was relevant right now when his hand was wrapped around said best friend’s dick.

“Good, yeah okay.” Richie said, he was biting on his bottom lip and Eddie could feel his thighs shaking with the strength to keep them still and not thrust into Eddie’s hand.

“Is that it?”

“No, what I’m trying to say is— I miss you even when I know you’re only on the other side of the country. I don’t know what I would do if you were out of my life forever. Eds I don’t want to lose you.”

Eddie cocked his head to the side, confused. “Why would you lose me?”

“Because this isn’t a heat of the moment thing for me.” Richie said, worried. “I like you Eds. A whole fucking lot. And I can’t do this if it’s going to be a one time thing, it would kill me and our friendship.”

Eddie’s expression immediately softened, he smiled up at Richie. “This isn’t a one time thing for me either Rich. I like you too.”

Richie raised his eyebrows. “Wait you do?”

“Yeah.” He said, nodding. Then he grinned. “I also really like your dick.” He gave it a squeeze that elicited a whine from Richie. “And I would really like to go back to sucking you off.”

Richie let out a strained laugh. “I can’t say no to that.”

“You can tell me all about how much you like me later.” Eddie said with a wink and without giving Richie a chance to answer, he wrapped his mouth around his dick and sucked.

“Holy shit Eds! You’re going to kill me.”

Eddie smirked, as much as he could with a dick in his mouth and went to town. It wasn’t long before Richie’s thighs were shaking, Eddie grabbed on to them, to keep them steady. They were wet and so were Eddie’s hands which prompted one of his fingers to slip and slide between his cheeks. Richie gave a full body shudder and let out a moan, louder than the ones he had let out until now.

Eddie pulled off, smirking up at Richie. “You like that?”

“Fuck.” Richie gasped, nodding. “Yeah. Please Eddie.”

He pressed one finger against Richie’s entrance not sure if that was what Richie was asking for, the whine he let out was answer enough. He circled his finger around his hole, but without lube or lotion there wasn’t much he could do, no matter how much Richie asked for it, he really wished he had—

“Here.” Richie said, handing Eddie a small bottle. Lube.

“You keep lube in the shower?” Eddie asked with a chuckle.

“Hey don’t judge. When you have a nosy roommate and thin walls, the shower is the only place you can have some alone time Eds.” Richie said, letting out a strained laugh. “Not that I’m complaining now.”

“Yeah me neither.” Eddie said, squirting lube onto his fingers. With one hand he grabbed Richie’s cock and with the other he reached behind him, pressing against his entrance and pushing in. He took Richie into his mouth again and Richie moaned and whimpered, pushing forward into Eddie’s mouth and back against Eddie’s finger. One became two and then he was fucking Richie with three of his fingers, pressing against his prostate every few thrusts while licking and sucking at his dick driving Richie to the edge fast. Eddie could tell he was close and he wanted nothing more than to see him come



apart but Richie seemed like he was trying to hold back.

“Rich come on. Let go.”

Richie shook his head, biting down on his fist. “No Eds I want—”

“What do you want?” He asked, fucking Richie with his fingers and using his hand to stroke his cock. “Tell me.”

“I want you to fuck me Eddie. I want your cock.”

Eddie gasped, dick twitching. He wanted that too, he wanted it so bad. “Fuck Rich I want to you fuck you but that’s not happening here, you’re taller than me and we could fall and I don’t want to explain that to any doctor in the ER.”

Richie whined, throwing his head back. “Eds please.”

“We can do that after okay? In the bed? How does that sound?” Richie nodded and Eddie grinned. “Great, right now I want you to come on my face.”

Richie’s eyes widened and his hips stuttered. “You want that?” He could hear his tone of surprise and Eddie had to admit he was a little surprised himself by how much he wanted it. But it was the perfect opportunity to do that, it would be easy to clean up, not to mention hot as fuck.

“I want you to come on my face while I fuck you with my fingers.”

Richie gasped. “Jesus fuck Eds. When I pictured this I never imagined you would be into dirty talk.”

“You pictured this?” Richie nodded. “What? Me on my knees? Sucking you off? Fucking you with my fingers?”

“Yeah. Yes, all of it.” Richie said, the words sounding like they were being punched out of him. Eddie’s dick grew impossibly harder between his legs. “Fuck Eddie I’m so fucking close.”

“I got you Rich.” Eddie said, scissoring his fingers while his other hand sped up, jerked him faster. “Come on. Come for me Richie.”

“Eddie.” Richie whined, toes curling and thighs shaking. “I’m gonna— fuck. Are you sure?”

“Yeah I’m sure.” Eddie said, breathless at the thought of what was coming. “Come on me Richie.” Eddie said, angling Richie’s dick towards his face and thrusting his fingers against that spot inside him deliberately.

“ *Fuck* .” Richie keened, locking eyes with Eddie and just like that he was coming and spurts of come were hitting Eddie’s face, his mouth, his cheeks. Richie moaned and Eddie stroked him through the aftershocks, until he pushed Eddie’s hand away with a whine. “Oh fuck.” Richie said, he sounded wrecked and out of breath. He gasped when Eddie pulled out his fingers and then he was sliding down the wall and to the wet tiles of the shower, right in front of Eddie. “Jesus fuck Eddie, that was— fuck.”

Eddie smiled, sappy and cocky at the same time. “Yeah?”

“Fuck yeah.”

“Good, now hand me the soap please.” Eddie said with a grimace, tilting his head back so the water could wash the come from his face. Richie laughed, handing Eddie the soap with tired limbs.

“Let me return the favor.” Richie said, fingers trailing up Eddie’s thigh towards his dick, still hard.

“Not yet.” Eddie said. “Water will turn cold any minute and the first time I come I want it to be when I’m fucking you.”

Richie let out a strangled sound. “Eds fuck man, give my dick a chance to recover.” He said with a weak laugh and Eddie joined in. They stood up, Richie still on shaky legs. Eddie was washing Richie’s hair while he soaped Eddie’s chest when he let out a snort.

“What?”

“This is definitely not how I pictured your visit would be.”

Now it was Eddie’s turn to snort. “So you didn’t barge in while I was taking a shower with *this* in mind?”

Richie shook his head, droplets of water falling from his wet curls. "Do you think I could come up with a plan like that?"

Eddie chuckled. "You're right."

"Geez Eds thanks a lot."

Eddie smiled, leaning up to press a kiss in Richie's mouth. "Come on you dweeb, my fingers are all pruny." Richie flashed him a shit eating grin and opened his mouth to say something. "I swear if you say something about my mother Richie I'm not fucking you."

Richie's mouth snapped shut faster than Eddie had ever seen.

## 12. "I got you something."

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated T

Prompt: "I got you something! I remember you mentioned it before. I hope you like it."

"There's the cutest birthday boy!"

Eddie startled and looked up to find Richie peering inside the room. Through the open door, he was able to hear the noise from the party and he gestured for Richie to get inside. "Close the door or people will know I'm here."

*Here being hiding in Bill's room.*

Richie snorted but slid inside, keeping his back against the wall and one of his hands hidden from Eddie's view.

"Already bored from your own party?"

Eddie shook his head, leaning back on the bed. "I just needed a break. Did anyone notice I left?"

"Nah, just me." Richie said. "Here to crash your one-man only party."

Eddie heaved a dramatic sigh, "Fine, I guess." He said but he was smiling as he patted the space next to him on the bed. He didn't mind that Richie found him, he knew it was only a matter of time before he noticed Eddie was missing and wandered off looking for him. If Eddie was being honest with himself, he had kind of hoped he would. He enjoyed the time he spent alone with Richie.

He narrowed his eyes, watching Richie walk towards the bed, his hand still tucked behind him. "What do you have there?"

"I got you something." Richie said, flopping down on the bed. Eddie frowned, confused. Richie and the other losers already gave him a present, as well as pitched in to throw Eddie a party. "It's not a big deal, just something that I remember you mentioned before."

He pulled a neatly wrapped box from behind him and shoved it at Eddie. "What is it?" He asked then he narrowed his eyes at Richie. "And if you say your dick I will hit you in the balls."

Richie grinned playfully. "Kinky." He said, Eddie rolled his eyes. "It's not my dick Eds, you know it wouldn't fit in that box."

Eddie snorted, giving him a gentle shove. "Yeah right."

"I can show you if you want." Richie winked. "But later, now open your gift."

"Okay okay." Eddie chuckled, looking down at the box. It was neatly wrapped, with a red bow on top. Eddie removed the bow and ripped off the paper. Richie's leg was bouncing, he could feel the bed shaking from it and his friend was buzzing with nervous energy, watching Eddie's face and his reaction closely.

He put his hand inside the box, feeling something soft. He held it up in front of him and let out a gasp. "Oh my god, Rich! My thundercats t-shirt, but how did you—"

"It's not *your* shirt exactly, your mother probably gave that away as soon as you outgrew it." Richie said, not meeting Eddie's questioning eyes. "I ordered it online after that day— when we were watching videos. I know it's kind of silly but I hope you like it."

"It's not silly." Eddie said, smiling softly at Richie. He remembered the day Richie was talking about. The two of them had been doing homework in their room. After a while, Richie had climbed on Eddie's bed and annoyed him into taking a break. They ended up watching youtube videos and at some point the Thundercats theme song video had started playing.

"Do you remember I used to have a t-shirt from this show?" Eddie told him, mouthing the lyrics to the theme song even if he hadn't heard it in years.

"You did? Uh, I don't remember."

Eddie nodded, chuckling. "Yeah, I did. It was my favorite, my mom hated it."

Richie rolled his eyes. "Your mom hated everything you wore unless it was bubble wrap Eds."

Eddie had shoved him and they'd kept watching videos until they couldn't ignore their homework anymore.

Now, Eddie smiled down at the shirt. It looked exactly like the one he owned when he was a kid. The one Richie claimed he didn't remember.

Eddie smirked at him, Richie narrowed his eyes. "What?"

"You told me you didn't remember my shirt."

"Because I didn't."

"You didn't remember and you found one that looks exactly the same?" Eddie's smirk grew, especially when he saw Richie fidgeting nervously. "That's bullshit."

Richie let out a sigh. "Fine, I remember. Of course I remember. I just didn't want you to know that I paid so much attention to you when we were kids."

"What? Why?"

"Because it's embarrassing Eds."

Eddie nudged his shoulder. "I think it's cute."

"Hey, no! You're the cute one, shut up." Richie chuckled, nudging him back.

Eddie felt his face slip into what he knew must be an overly affectionate look but he couldn't help it. He wasn't expecting a gift from Richie, let alone one that was so thoughtful and sweet. The gesture did nothing to quiet the ever growing crush he had on his best friend. In fact, it made his stomach twist up in knots the way it did whenever Richie smiled at him a certain way and his pulse quicken like it did when Richie was close, all at the same time.

"What?" Richie asked after Eddie only stared at him for a while.

“Nothing. I just— I love it. Thank you Rich.” On impulse, Eddie leaned forward and kissed his cheek.

Richie blushed and looked at Eddie like a deer caught in the headlights. “Uh yeah sure. You’re welcome Eds.” He cleared his throat. “Will you use it? I remember you looked really cute in it when we were kids.”

“You used to say I looked cute in everything.”

Richie chuckled, shrugging. “Well you did but especially in that shirt and those red short shorts.”

Eddie felt the tips of his ears start to burn, he stood up. “Well I don’t have those shorts anymore but—” He cut himself off to pull his shirt over his head, he heard Richie choke on his spit.

“Uh. Usually is the birthday boy who gets the striptease, not the other way around.” He said, voice strained.

“Shut up.” Eddie said with no real bite. He folded his shirt, placed it on the bed before putting on Richie’s gift. It fit him perfectly. “What do you think?”

“You look cute, just like I remembered.”

“Yeah?” Eddie stood between Richie’s legs, forcing Richie to look up at him.

“Yeah, I like it. A lot.” He raised his hands, placing them on Eddie’s hips, his own hands settled on Richie’s shoulders, fingers toying with the hair on the back of his neck. Richie’s eyes were fixed on his own fingers where they played with the hem of Eddie’s new shirt. He was frowning and Eddie could practically see the wheels turning in his head. After what felt like forever, Richie opened his mouth, then he closed it and then he opened it again. “I like *you* a lot Eds.”

Eddie’s fingers stilled, his stomach fluttering wildly. It wasn’t the first time Richie said those words but his hesitation and the small voice in which he said it told Eddie that it was different this time.

“I like you a lot too Rich.”

Richie's eyes met his and both their faces broke into matching grins. Without a word, Richie stood up, back to towering over Eddie. They both leaned in at the same time, their lips meeting in a short, chaste kiss that made Eddie's heart beat rapidly.

They broke apart to stare at each other, Richie's fingers were still playing with the hem of Eddie's shirt, Eddie looked down at them. "I think this is my new favorite shirt." He said.

"It's definitely mine too." Richie replied, grinning. "Happy birthday Eds."

"Mm, it really is." Eddie said, leaning up to kiss Richie again.



## 13. Slightly NSFW - Need at a party

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated M

Prompt: Need at a party.

It didn't surprise Richie that only two months after the losers defeated Pennywise, he received a letter announcing that Ben and Bev were getting married. After all, he'd seen them be all over each other not one hour after they left the house on Neibolt and then every minute after that until they all left Derry.

The letter was also an invitation to their engagement party in Ben's house in New York.

That's where Richie currently was, sitting on the couch, a beer in his hand and watching the door like a hawk.

"Stop that." Stan said, he was sitting next to him with Patty on the other side, glaring at Richie's leg as it bounced uncontrollably. "He will be here okay?"

"What if he changed his mind?" Richie asked, nervously chewing on his bottom lip. "It's been over two months, maybe everything he said back in Derry— maybe that was only because we had almost just died. Maybe he realized he doesn't really want me."

Richie didn't need to be looking at Stan to know that he was rolling his eyes at him. "He left his wife Richie."

"Yeah but he didn't do that for me."

"No, he did it for himself, but he also told you that he loved you and that he wanted to be with you and that he would be here. You need to trust him." Stan said calmly, but Richie could hear the underlying *you're being an idiot* tone that was usually there when Stan talked to him.

It still surprised Richie just how easily Stan and him had fallen into their old dynamic. It was like the past twenty seven years and the

whole forgetting each other thing never happened— just like Eddie never stopped being the love of Richie's life, Stan never stopped being his best friend.

And as his best friend, it was Stan who Richie went to the night after they defeated Pennywise, after Richie and Eddie confessed their feelings to each other.

Richie hadn't planned it, Eddie was married and he was pretty sure his feelings were unrequited anyway and the last thing he wanted to do was lose Eddie just as he got him back. But then Eddie had walked out of Richie's bathroom after a shower, because the one in his room was still covered in blood, and he looked so beautiful and soft— cheeks tinted red, hair wet and curling at the tips, sleeping clothes just slightly big on him— and he was *alive* and Richie couldn't help it, he blurted out everything he had kept locked in for thirty years. After he was done, Eddie simply smiled and said, "I love you too asshole." Those words were enough to get Richie moving and leaning down to kiss Eddie but he was stopped by a hand on his chest. Eddie was still married and he didn't want their first kiss to constitute as cheating. Before Richie could argue, Eddie had placed a kiss on Richie's cheek and said they would talk again when he got divorced.

Tonight was the first time he would be seeing Eddie since Derry, since Eddie's divorce.

When Eddie said he would be at the engagement party, Richie felt hopeful— for about a second. Then that hope had turned into doubt and now he was worried that Eddie had changed his mind and realized Richie wasn't the person he wanted to be with.

"Richie, honey?"

Richie had zoned off, he shook his head and grinned. "Yes Patty, dearest?" Out of the corner of his eye he saw Stan's mouth twitch into a smile.

She smiled knowingly at him. Richie wasn't sure how much Stan told her about them, but based on the way she stared at him it seemed like she knew everything. Fucking Stan and his big mouth.

“Eddie’s here.” She said.

His head snapped towards the door where Ben was welcoming Eddie in, wrapping him in a hug and accepting the gift in his hands. “Fuck me.” Richie muttered, breath catching in his throat.

He heard Stan snicker, “You wish.” Then Patty lightly smacked his shoulder and lovingly shushed him.

Richie watched as Bev joined the two men by the door, giving Eddie a hug. “What should I do?” He asked, feeling his palms already starting to sweat as he took in how good Eddie looked in his black slacks and his tight button up.

“You should go say hi.” Patty said sweetly.

Richie shook his head, he raised his beer bottle to his lips only to find it empty. “I need another drink first.”

“You’re being an idiot.” Stan said. “And a child. Just go talk to him.”

“Actually, he’s coming our way.”

Patty was right, Eddie had spotted them and he was walking towards their couch, stopping to say hi to Bill and Mike on the way. “Shit shit shit.” Richie muttered and before Stan and Patty could stop him, he left the couch and snuck into the kitchen.

He knew Stan was right, he was being an idiot. He had been anxiously waiting for Eddie to arrive and now that he was here Richie was hiding from him, but he wasn’t ready to face him, to face rejection if it came to that, so instead of going back to the lounging room where the party was happening, he slid into the hallway.

He wandered aimlessly around the house until he finished his beer. Then he stood there, staring at the moon through the glass walls, trying to gather the courage to go face Eddie.

“There you are.”

Well, shit.

Richie spun around, knowing he would find Eddie standing there but even then, his breath caught in his throat *again* and he could barely get out a weak, “Hi, Eds.”

Eddie’s face scrunched up at the nickname but other than that he ignored it. “Why are you lurking around Ben’s house?”

Richie didn’t want to tell Eddie that he was running away from him so he shrugged. “Uh, Ben said they had a dog, I was just looking for him.”

“Really?” Eddie quirked an eyebrow at him. “Because Stan said you were hiding from me.”

“That bastard.”

“He also said you were worried that I changed my mind about us—”

“I’m going to fucking kill him.” Richie groaned, scrunching up his face.

“I don’t think Patty would like that.” Eddie said with a snort. He moved closer to Richie, frowning at him. “Do you really think I changed my mind?”

Richie gave a noncommittal shrug, running a hand through his hair. “I mean, I wouldn’t blame you if you did, all those things we said—we had just gone through a lot, you could’ve said things you didn’t mean.”

“Did *you* say things that you didn’t mean?”

Richie’s eyebrows flew towards his hairline, he shook his head. “No, fuck no. I meant everything I said, Eds I still do.”

Eddie smiled, reaching over to grab Richie’s hand, it was warm and slightly sweaty, just like his. “Me too.”

Richie bit on his bottom lip to stop his face from breaking into a dopey grin. When that didn’t work, he ducked his head down and stared at their joint hands. “You’re not wearing your wedding ring.”

“Well I’m not married anymore so—” He trailed off, taking a step forward and closing the distance between them, their faces were only a few inches away.

“Too bad I’m still married to your mom.” Richie joked.

“Fuck you asshole.” Eddie said, poking Richie’s chest with his finger. His jaw was set and he stared up at him with determination. “I’ve waited two fucking months to do this and I won’t let your trashmouth ruin it.”

Richie cocked his head. “Waited two months to do *what* ?”

Eddie’s answer was to grab Richie by the lapels of his blazer, pull him down and press their lips together. Kissing Richie, *hard* . There was a moment of hesitation and then Richie’s hands were reaching up to cradle Eddie’s face, their lips moving together.

Eddie sucked Richie’s bottom lip between his teeth, making him groan. He broke them apart and Richie couldn’t help but try to chase after his lips. Eddie chuckled. “That.”

Dazed, it took him a second to realize Eddie was answering his question. He grinned down at him. “Only two months? I’ve been waiting to do that for almost thirty years.” Richie said, watching Eddie’s cheeks turn an adorable shade of pink. “Fuck you’re cute.”

“Shut up.”

“You know what? For the first time, I think I will.” Richie said, leaning down and kissing Eddie again. He ran his thumbs over Eddie’s cheeks and the scar there, coaxing his mouth open. Eddie let go of his blazer, his hands sneaking underneath it, fisting Richie’s shirt. His mouth slipped open and he licked into Richie’s mouth, eliciting a desperate and needy whine from him. He could feel a familiar heat coiling in his stomach.

Crowding Eddie against the wall, Richie slid his thigh between his legs, pressing against him. He could tell that he was half hard already and so was Richie, it was a little embarrassing, that at this age all it took was some kissing but this wasn’t just a kiss, it was a culmination

of everything he wanted to do since he was thirteen.

“Richie, Rich.” Eddie gasped, sounding breathless. “We’re at a party, we should—” His words trailed off into a moan when Richie caught Eddie’s earlobe between his teeth and bit down. “Fuck Richie, we’re in the middle of the hallway, anyone could walk in.”

Richie leaned back, stared down at Eddie. His cheeks were tinted red and his lips were a pretty kissed-pink and slick with spit. Eddie licked them and Richie followed the movement with half-lidded eyes. “Fuck them. I’ve waited long enough for this.”

Eddie’s thumbs rubbed circles on Richie’s skin, he hadn’t even noticed the moment his hands snuck under his shirt. “I know, me too.” He said, his hips twitching forward against Richie’s erection, making him gasp. “I’m not saying stop, I’m just saying not here.”

Richie swallowed loudly, nodding. “Okay.” He said, looking around them. “How mad do you think Ben will be if we sneak into one of his rooms?”

“I don’t think he’ll notice. He’s too caught up in Bev to care right now.” Eddie said, pushing up on his heels to give Richie another kiss, short but desperate at the same time, before leaving the space between Richie and the wall and starting to drag him to the nearest door. “Besides they owe us, we had to watch them kiss while they were still covered in sewer water, which— gross, man.” Eddie said, scrunching up his nose.

Richie laughed. “I can’t blame them. *I* wanted to kiss you when we were covered in sewer water. I wanted to kiss you even when you were covered in that black vomit thing.”

“Richie! Stop being gross, you’re killing my boner.”

“Find us a room and I will have you back up in no time, baby.”

Eddie rolled his eyes but Richie could see them darken with lust. He opened a door, took a step inside and stopped.

“What?” Richie asked when he hesitated. “You’re not changing your mind, are you?”

Eddie whirled around, he was frowning. "Do you get a kick out of being obtuse?" Eddie snapped, when Richie only blinked at him, he grabbed his face and kissed him hard enough that he stumbled back. "I'm not changing my fucking mind. I love you. Get that into that big forehead of yours."

Richie's face broke into a giddy smile. "I love you too Eds." Eddie smiled back and started to close the door. "What's wrong with that room?"

"Oh. I found the dog." Eddie said, shutting it. "And I'm not traumatizing the poor thing. Let's find another one, you can pet him afterwards."

"I like the way you think." Richie said, letting Eddie drag him to another room, hopefully one with a bed and no dog.

## 14. "Come cuddle."

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated T.

Prompt:

"Come cuddle."

"I'll be there in a few minutes."

Eddie woke up in the middle of the night to an empty bed.

While half asleep, he'd thrown his arm over the right side of the mattress, expecting to find a warm, lanky body that he could cuddle up against but instead, he got an armful of nothing. Eddie frowned and with his eyes still closed, trying to hold on to sleep for as long as he could, he felt around the bed for Richie but he wasn't there. The man was all long legs and arms and the Town House bed wasn't exactly big— if he was there, Eddie's hand would've found him already.

His first thought was that It was back. It was back and he'd taken Richie, taking advantage of the fact that they let their guard down after thinking they had killed him, for real this time. The thought made Eddie's breathing speed up but he forced himself to take three deep breaths and calm down before he could drive himself into a panic attack.

"Rich?" He muttered, blinking his eyes open. The room was dark but the moonlight filtered in through the window, which was weird because Eddie remembered closing the curtains before crawling under the covers. With Richie. Which begged the question—

Where did the asshole go?

The answer to that question came soon enough when Eddie rolled over and saw that, not only were the curtains drawn back, but the window was also open and Richie was sitting on the window sill, smoking?

"What the fuck are you doing Richie? It's the middle of the night."



Eddie said, pushing himself up into a sitting position. Richie jumped, almost dropping his cigarette in surprise. "And are you seriously smoking? These places have smoke detectors you know that, right?"

"Not this shithole Eds. Come on. They don't even have hot water." Richie scoffed, blowing out smoke. "Did I wake you?"

"No." Eddie said, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "Well yeah. I woke up when I realized you weren't in bed."

"Aww Eds you missed me?" Richie teased but his voice was slightly off. "One night and you already can't sleep without me?"

Eddie rolled his eyes, grabbing a pillow and throwing it at Richie, missing pathetically. "Shut up. Why are *you* awake?"

Richie tensed up then, looking out the window and taking a long drag of his cigarette before talking through his teeth, "Couldn't sleep."

"Bullshit." Eddie said. "You *were* asleep. I know, because your snoring kept me up for like an hour."

Richie scoffed, bringing the cigarette to his mouth. "Now that's some fucking bullshit. Eds, I don't snore."

"Yes, you do. You have since we were kids." Eddie said in his *no bullshit* tone. "But that's not the point." He said, recognizing Richie's attempt to change the subject. "Why are you smoking in the middle of the night?"

Richie didn't meet Eddie's eyes, staring out the window instead.

"Rich?" He asked, voice softer and more gentle. "Talk to me."

Richie heaved out a sigh. He put out the cigarette and leaned back against the window, facing Eddie. "I had a nightmare."

"Oh."

"Yeah."

"Pennywise?" Richie made a noncommittal sound that Eddie took as a yes. "Pennywise is dead, Rich. We killed him. For real this time."

"I know he is. The nightmare wasn't about him, not really."

Eddie pressed his lips into a tight line, hit by realization. He didn't need to ask to know what Richie's nightmare had really been about.

(After escaping Neibolt, the losers had all gone to the quarry to clean up, even if Eddie insisted it was useless because, " You can't clean yourself in dirty water." He joined them anyway and everyone had been celebrating, laughing and splashing around, when Eddie noticed Richie was sitting on a rock by himself with a troubled look. Eddie had swam over to him, throwing water at his face and said, "Didn't you hear Rich? We killed the fucking clown."

When Richie had looked up, his eyes were shining with unshed tears and Eddie's laughter had died in his throat.

"I saw you die Eds." Richie had said, ducking his head to stare at his hands. They were clean, but he looked at them as if they were stained with something and Eddie reached over and held them. "When I was in the deadlights. I saw Pennywise kill you right in front of me."

Eddie had shaken his head, giving his hands a squeeze. "That wasn't real. I'm right here."

"I thought I lost you." He insisted, eyebrows pulled together. "I thought you died and that I never got the chance to— to tell you, to—"

"To *what* ?"

Richie had surged forward then, catching Eddie's lips in a kiss. Over the sound of his own heart threatening to beat out of his chest, Eddie heard their friends whistling and catcalling. He let go of Richie's hands to flip them off, before weaving his fingers in Richie's hair and pulling him closer so he could kiss him back.

Later, they had ditched the losers to go to Richie's room together—amidst more whistling and catcalling. And after Richie took a shower

and Eddie took three, they had stumbled into bed together for the first time. Both of them forgetting what Richie saw in the deadlights, until now.)

"It's not real." Eddie said, echoing his own words from the day before. "That was just Pennywise fucking with you, Richie."

"I know that Eds, but everytime I close my eyes, I see it. I see Pennywise stabbing you, I see you bleeding all over me. I see you dying and I see myself leaving you in that fucking place." He said, running a hand down his face.

Eddie's face twisted with concern, feeling sad for Richie. He wanted to offer comfort, to reassure him, but words didn't seem to be doing it. He untangled himself from the mess of blankets and dragged himself out of bed. The cold air hit Eddie's bare legs and he shivered—boxers and Richie's shirt had been enough to keep him warm when the window was closed and he had Richie wrapped around him like a koala, but now they made him wish he didn't the bed.

He quickly covered the distance between the bed and the window, wrapping his arms around Richie's waist. Unlike Eddie, Richie was warm, even if he was wearing only a pair of boxers and had been standing next to the open window for a while. Eddie burrowed his face in his chest, still not quite believing he was allowed to do that now.

"Are you trying to distract me?" Richie clicked his tongue, sounding more like himself. Eddie counted that as a win. "Because it's working." He felt Richie's arms wrap around him.

Eddie let out a snort. "I'm trying to convince you that I'm here and that I'm alive and that I'm—"

"Ready for round two?"

Eddie pinched his side, eliciting an embarrassing squeal from Richie. "I'm serious Rich." He looked up, locking eyes with him. "I'm here and if you need me to keep reminding you that, I fucking will because I'm not going anywhere, you're stuck with me now."

"That was aggressively romantic." Richie said, smiling down at him, it was slightly shaky but happy.

Eddie returned the smile before leaning up and pressing a kiss against Richie's lips, feeling his stomach flutter the moment their lips touched. Richie made a pleased sound before licking into Eddie's mouth, warmth spreading through him when Richie's tongue started moving against his.

They had been kissing for a while when a yawn escaped Eddie and he froze, Richie's face breaking into a teasing grin.

"Don't say anything, shut up." Eddie said, feeling his face go hot. "This is your fault."

Richie scoffed. "Am I really that boring, Eds?"

Eddie rolled his eyes. "Of course not. I'm just tired since *you* woke me up."

"Right sorry." Richie said, running his thumb softly over Eddie's cheek. "You should go back to sleep. **I'll be there in a few minutes**."

"What? You're gonna go rub one off in the bathroom?" Eddie joked, making Richie laugh.

"You caught me, Eds." He flashed him a lewd grin. "That kiss got me all hot and bothered."

Eddie snorted, grabbing Richie's hand. "Come on." He started dragging him towards the bed, but Richie planted himself on the floor. Eddie cocked his head at him, giving him a questioning look.

"I don't think I can go back to sleep just yet." Richie said, avoiding Eddie's eyes.

*Everytime I close my eyes, I see it.*

Oh, right.

"Are you worried about having another nightmare?" Eddie asked,

taking Richie's grimace as an answer. "I won't let that happen."

"What? You're gonna fight the nightmares away with your tiny fists?"

"No." Eddie said, rolling his eyes. "I'm gonna hold you so hard that you won't be able to forget I'm alive." He said, watching Richie's expression melt at his words. "Now close the window and **come cuddle** with me. It's the middle of the fucking night and I'm tired."

"Okay." Richie said, pressing a kiss to Eddie's forehead and letting go of him just to shut the window. "As long as I get to be the little spoon."

" *Duh* ."

They climbed into bed together, Eddie's chest pressed flush against Richie's back. Eddie wrapped his arms around him and Richie sighed happily when he pressed a kiss to the top of his spine.

Eddie forced himself to stay awake until he was certain that Richie was asleep— his loud snoring making it perfectly clear. Only then, did he allow himself to close his eyes, dozing off immediately.

Neither of them woke up again, not until the sunlight filled the room the next morning.

## **15. "You're cute, I'll give you that. But not cute enough to get away with that!"**

### **Summary for the Chapter:**

Rated T

Prompt: "You're cute, I'll give you that. But not cute enough to get away with that!"

"Damn it." Eddie cursed, running a hand down his face. "Why is this so hard?"

Richie snorted, "That's what she said." He snickered without looking up from his homework.

Eddie threw an eraser at him. Then he glanced down at his notebook and let out a frustrated groan. "I don't know why I don't get it."

They were both sitting on Eddie's bed, working on their physics homework. Well, Richie was working, Eddie was struggling to get past the first problem.

Richie gently patted his knee. "It's alright Eds. This stuff can be complicated."

"Not for you. You get it!" Eddie said, gesturing wildly at Richie's mostly finished worksheet. "And you don't even pay attention in class."

Richie gasped dramatically. "Lies and slander!"

"Shut up." Eddie said with an amused smile. "Rich, I saw you sleep through the entire class last time."

"Only because I was tired after fucking your mom all night, Eds."

Eddie rolled his eyes, balling up a piece of paper and throwing it at his friend's face.

"Hey!" Richie complained, pausing to readjust his glasses. "You know, maybe if you didn't spend the entire class watching me, then

you'd actually get this stuff."

Eddie felt his face go hot, eyes darting away from Richie to stare at his lap instead. "I don't— I don't do that." He stammered out.

And he didn't.

Not all the time at least. But sometimes Eddie would get distracted in class and his eyes would drift to Richie, sitting next to him.

Most of the time, it was easy to chalk it up to the fact that Richie was constantly moving and fidgeting, inevitably attracting Eddie's attention but even when all Richie was doing was sleeping and drooling all over his notes, Eddie would end up staring at him. Those times, it was harder to pretend it had nothing to do with the huge crush he had on his best friend.

"Eds, it's okay." Richie said, giving Eddie a lopsided grin. "I know I'm irresistible."

"Fuck off." Eddie scoffed pushing him lightly, the tips of his ears burning. "Back to my homework, can you help me please?" He asked, eager to change the subject. He gave Richie his best big doe eyes knowing, he couldn't resist them.

"Gladly, Eds my love." Richie agreed right away, crawling towards Eddie on the bed.

It was a struggle, but with Richie's help Eddie was able to complete his homework. Though now, Eddie was worried he would fail their test next week without Richie there to help him.

"I'm going to fucking fail."

"You won't fail, Eds."

Eddie gave Richie a pointed look.

"You won't because," Richie paused to pull out their practice book. "I'll help you study."

Eddie bit down a pleased little smile. "You don't have to that."

"Anything for you, Eddie baby." He said without missing a beat. "But when you ace the test next week, you'll owe me."

Richie would often help Eddie study, most of the time without asking for anything in return but occasionally he would ask for small things— to buy him an ice cream the next time they walked by the shop or to be the first one to read Eddie's new comic book, stuff that Eddie would give him even if he didn't ask. Still, he heaved out a dramatic sigh, "What do you want?"

Richie didn't answer right away. When Eddie looked up at him, he was biting the inside of his cheek, seemingly nervous. He plastered on a sly grin once he noticed Eddie staring. "I want a kiss," He said. "If you pass the test."

Eddie faltered for a moment, trying to ignore the way his stomach fluttered at Richie's words. Then he remembered this was Richie— classic Richie and his jokes.

"Fine, yeah. Whatever." Eddie said playing along, knowing sooner or later Richie would tell him what he actually wanted. "Now, help me study before I gauge my eye out with this pencil."

Two weeks later, Mr. Smith was slamming Eddie's physics test on his desk. Eddie slowly turned it around and gasped when he saw that, not only did he pass the test but actually got a B on it. Sure, it wasn't the A that Richie was currently waving at him from his own seat, but he passed.

Oh shit. Eddie passed.

*I want a kiss, if you pass the test.*

Eddie glanced at Richie— who had occupied himself with doodling on his desk— and his heart sped up in his chest, remembering their deal. *It's just a joke*, he reminded himself, trying to calm himself so he wouldn't panic in the middle of the class. It's just a joke and in the off chance that it wasn't, Richie probably forgot about already. Eddie just had to be careful not to remind him.

With that, Eddie shoved his test inside his bag and forced himself to



keep his eyes on Mr. Smith until class let out.

“Eds!” Richie called, catching up with Eddie in the hallway. He felt a body hurtle against him, an arm slung around his neck.

“Hey, Rich.”

“So, how did you do? Did you pass?”

Eddie gave a little shrug. “Maybe.”

Richie let out a long whiny, “*Eddie.*”

“Fine, I passed, I got a B in fact.”

“Fuck yeah, Eds!” Richie whooped, kissing the top of Eddie’s head. “I told you you could do it.”

A pleased smile curled along Eddie’s lips. He let Richie drag him towards the door, so he could walk Eddie home like he did every Tuesday after physics.

The walk home was mostly uneventful, except for the fact that Richie was particularly jumpy, almost running straight into a telephone pole on more than one occasion.

When they arrived at Eddie’s house, Richie walked him all the way to his front door. “Alright, Rich, I’ll see you tomorrow.” He said, like he did every week.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?” Richie said, bouncing on his feet.

“Uh.” Eddie raised a confused eyebrow at him. “Did you want to come in or something?”

Richie snorted, shaking his head. “Actually, I was talking about our little deal.”

“*Oh.*” Eddie gasped, eyes widening. Well, just because Richie remembered, it didn’t mean he actually wanted— right? No, definitely not. “Right. What do you want?”

“I already told you.”

“I mean, what do you *actually* want?” Eddie asked, rolling his eyes. “I think I have a box of popsicles in the fridge, I guess you can have those.” He suggested, gesturing towards the house and missing the way Richie walked up to him, standing less than a foot away.

“I don’t want the popsicles.” Richie said, drumming his fingers against his thigh. He licked his lips, a nervous smile briefly crossing his face. “I want a kiss.”

“Richie—”

“You promised.” Richie said, stubbornly.

“Fine.” Eddie said, standing on his tiptoes to press a short kiss on Richie’s cheek. “There you go.” He said, whirling around to open the door before Richie could notice his ears had turned red.

“What? That was not a fucking kiss!” Richie whined, pouting and grabbing Eddie’s hand before he could escape inside the house. “Wait, Eds. **You’re cute, I’ll give you that, but not cute enough to get away with *that*!**”

Eddie huffed, hands flailing. “Why do you want to kiss me so bad?”

Richie spluttered like a fish, before his face settled on a frown. “You promised.” He repeated, softer this time. “Is the idea of kissing me really that bad?” He added and it was probably the hurt look on Richie’s face that convinced Eddie to grab the back of his neck and drag him down, closing the distance between them and kissing Richie, on the lips this time. It was a short kiss, lasting maybe a handful of seconds. It was also a little awkward because they didn’t really know what to do, but to Eddie it was still perfect, because it was Richie.

“Happy now?” Eddie asked after pulling away, unconsciously licking his lips.

Richie followed the movement with his eyes, looking stunned for a moment before a dopey grin took its place. “*Very* happy.”

Eddie bit down on his lower lip to fight off his own smile, worried about how much it could give away. "Shut up."

"You know if you need any more help studying, you should tell me. It'd be my pleasure to assist." Richie offered, grin faltering slightly. "Or, if you just want to— you know, do that again or whatever."

"You want to do it again?" Eddie asked, unable to contain his surprise or the slight flutter of hope in his chest.

"Uh, yeah." Richie muttered, scrunching up his face. "Is that okay?"

This time Eddie didn't fight off his smile, letting it light up his entire face. "Yeah. Yeah, that's okay. Definitely okay."

Richie's eyebrows shot up, before he smiled just as bright as Eddie.

"In fact," Eddie paused, grabbing one of Richie's hands. "I have some uh— English homework that I could use some help with right now."

Richie's face slid into one of confusion, a crease forming between his eyebrows. "I don't have English with you Eds, I don't know how I can—"

"*Richie.*" Eddie cut in, giving him a look. His eyes widened the moment he realized.

"Oh. Oh. You don't— Right, yeah okay." Richie stammered out, flustered and unable to stop himself from smiling. Eddie shook his head while dragging him inside. "Yeah, I can totally help with that."

## 16. "I may love you but I will kick your ass if you tempt me to."

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated T

Prompt: "I may love you but I will kick your ass if you tempt me to."

Richie stopped pacing for a moment to take off his glasses and drag his hand down his face. He was currently standing in front of the Denbrough house— had been for the past ten minutes, trying to prepare himself for what was inside.

Eddie.

It would be the first time Richie saw him in person since they broke up four months ago and Richie wasn't ready. He thought about skipping Friendsgiving with the losers so he wouldn't have to face Eddie just yet, but Stan had threatened to fly to California and drag him to Derry by his ears if he tried to do that.

"You're gonna have to see him at some point Richie, we're all friends. Stop being a little bitch." Stan had told him before hanging up and that was it.

For a moment, Richie thought he could handle it. Their breakup was mutual, they were moving to different states for college and they were scared of what the distance could do to their relationship. It was better to end it before letting it ruin their friendship as well. They still talked— at first it was a little weird while they learned to navigate the awkwardness that came with going from boyfriends to just friends, but they made it past that and now it was almost normal.

Except for the fact that Richie was still in love with Eddie and he missed him every day. Hiding those feelings was easier when it was only texts and phone calls, but now he would see Eddie in person and he didn't think he'd be able to act like everything was okay.

The door opened, snapping Richie out of his thoughts. Bev stood there, raising an eyebrow at him.

"How did you know I was here?"

"I saw you pacing from the kitchen window and I got tired of waiting for you to get your shit together."

"Oh right." At least it was Bev who saw him. He smiled at her, big and honest. "I've missed you, Marsh."

Her expression softened and she opened her arms, smiling back at him. "I know. Get in here, Tozier." Richie listened, enjoying the hug and the happy squeal she made when he squeezed her waist.

"Everyone here already?"

She gave him a knowing look, seeing right through his question. "Yes, Eddie is here and don't worry, he's just as nervous as you are."

"Fuck you, I'm not nervous." Richie said, she simply rolled her eyes and closed the door behind them. Then Richie heard it, the noise coming from inside. Their friends talking and catching up and over all of that, Eddie screaming at Bill to *deal the fucking cards already!*

Hearing his voice in person was like being doused with ice cold water. It must have shown in his face because Bev gave his arm a squeeze before dragging him towards the living room.

"Look who I found lurking outside!"

"My mother's cat?" Bill asked distractedly without looking up from the deck of cards.

"No, your mom's *boyfriend*." Richie replied, grinning and doing finger guns at his friends.

They all groaned and rolled their eyes, but also crowded around Richie to hug him. When it was Eddie's turn, they both hesitated. Richie didn't know if they were supposed to hug or if that would be too weird.

"Hey Eds." He said, waving awkwardly.

"Hi Rich."

His friends were trying to give them space, turning their backs to them and engaging in meaningless conversation. Richie loved them for it, but it made the moment even more awkward.

Well, if it was already awkward—

*Fuck it*, Richie thought and wrapped his arms around Eddie, pulling him in. Eddie let out a little yelp before relaxing and tentatively slipping his arms around Richie's waist. Richie didn't want to let go, he had missed Eddie so much his heart ached, but he forced himself to pull away after a few seconds.

"Okay!" He cleared his throat, putting some distance between him and Eddie and trying not to stare at his cute little blush. "Are we gonna eat or what? I'm fucking starving!"

They crammed into the table, jostling for seats. Richie ended up between Eddie and Stan. He thought about asking Stan to switch, but he didn't want to cause a scene. He already knew what Stan would say, they used to sit like this even before he and Eddie started dating and Richie would just have to suck it up.

Conversation flowed easily, the seven of them speaking over each other while they ate, talking about their classes, their dorm rooms, the people at their college. Richie was having fun and he was happy that he came. He'd missed his friends, including Eddie.

Once they got past the initial awkwardness, they easily fell back into their usual banter. Richie made fun of Eddie and the wet wipes he pulled out of his fanny pack, Eddie bitched at Richie for eating with his hands and they bickered over silly stuff. It was good, normal— as long as Richie ignored the way his heart sped up when Eddie smiled at him a certain way or how his breath caught in his throat when their knees touched under the table.

After dinner, they moved to the living room. His friends had been playing *Uno* while they waited for Richie to arrive, the cards still

spread out on the coffee table. Bill, Eddie, Mike and Richie crowded around it to play another game while Stan, Bev and Ben sat on the couch and browsed Netflix for something to watch.

Their game dragged on mostly because whenever one of them was close to winning, the other three would band together to make sure that person had to draw a bunch of cards from the pile.

It was already the third time Eddie was down to one card, after yelling *uno!* so loud and sudden that he startled Ben who'd been falling asleep on Bev's lap. Eddie did a little dance, a smug smile on his face. Richie had to bite down on his tongue to stop himself from blurting out *cute cute cute*.

He stared down at his cards instead. He had a lot of them. It turned out that Bill sucked at shuffling and during his last turn, Richie had to draw like ten red cards before finding the yellow one that he needed. That was okay though, Richie wasn't trying to win, he only wanted to have fun and pissing off Eddie was always a sure way to do that. Luckily he had the perfect card for it.

Eddie knocked his feet against Richie's leg. "Are you having a stroke? Your face is doing something weird."

"It's called a smile Eds, you should try it sometime." Richie shot back with no heat.

Eddie stuck his tongue out at him.

After Bill and Mike placed their cards on the pile, it was Richie's turn again. Eddie was anxiously bouncing his leg, waiting for Richie to play so he could do the same and win.

But Richie was about to rain on his parade.

"I have a surprise for you, Eds." Richie singsonged, smirking.

Eddie frowned, then his eyes drifted to Richie's cards and those eyes widened. "No! Richie, no! Don't you dare."

Richie's smirk widened, he picked the Draw four card from his pile and showed it to Eddie, whose eyes narrowed.

"Richie, no."

"Richie, yes."

"Do *not* use that card." Eddie told him, pointing a menacing finger at him.

Richie lowered the card slowly towards the pile, making a show of it. "Or what?"

Bill and Mike were watching the exchange, both amused and exasperated. Richie could see Stan shaking his head at them from the corner of his eye.

"You were so close, Eds."

Eddie groaned, reaching for Richie's card with a quick movement but Richie saw it coming and he held it above his head. "Give me the card, Richie."

"Nope."

Eddie pounced, climbing over Richie to get it himself. Richie blinked up at him, slightly panicked at having Eddie in his lap. He still managed to keep the card out of his reach. "Eddie, what the fuck?" He said, voice a higher pitch than usual.

"Give me that card! Richie!" He yelled, reaching for it, straddling Richie and almost sending his heart rocketing out of his chest. He could hear Mike trying to coax Eddie from his lap, bless his heart, but Eddie wasn't listening. **"Goddamnit Rich, I may love you but I will kick your ass if you tempt me to."**

Richie let out a strangled noise, Eddie froze realizing what he just said. He stared down at him with big brown eyes that looked as shocked as Richie felt. The living room was completely silent, except for the movie playing in the background. Richie could feel all of their friends staring at them.

Then Bill was standing up, clearing his throat. "I think I just saw my mom's cat through the window." He said, exchanging a look with Mike. "Do you guys want to see if we can—"



"Yeah." Mike cut in, also standing up. "We'll leave you two to it." He told Richie and Eddie, walking to the door. Bev and Stan did the same, dragging a confused Ben with them.

When they heard the door close, Eddie scrambled off Richie, his face a dark shade of red. He sat back on his heels, staring down at his lap. Richie sat up and watched Eddie closely, there was a tiny crease between his eyebrows and he was biting on his lower lip.

"Here." Richie said, offering Eddie the card. He accepted it with a snort, playing with it. "Listen Eds, I know you didn't— It's fine. This isn't the first time you said something you didn't mean in the heat of the game." He chuckled nervously. Eddie still wouldn't meet his eyes. "I mean, there was that time you said you'd cut off Bill's hand while we played Monopoly. At least I think you didn't mean that, but you know, if you did—"

"I meant it." Eddie said, so quiet that Richie almost didn't hear him over his own rambling.

Richie frowned confused, even if Eddie wasn't looking at him. "You wanted to cut off Bill's hand?"

Eddie gave him a look, the *you're an idiot* look Richie knew so well. "No Richie, the— the other thing." He said, flicking the card at his face. "I love you."

Hearing those words again made Richie feel warm all over, it had been so long. He tried to squash down the feeling but he couldn't help softly asking, "You do?"

"Of course I do, Rich. I never stopped." Richie stared at him, mouth opening and closing but no words came out. Eddie wrinkled his nose. "I knew this would happen, shit. That's why I didn't want to come."

"I didn't want to come either." Richie said, biting the inside of his cheek. "Stan had to fucking threaten me. I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to stop myself from kissing you or doing something stupid like—"

"Like saying you still love me?" Eddie supplied with the faintest of

smiles.

Richie let out a snort. "Yeah, something like that." Eddie giggled softly. Richie stared at him, sure that there were literal hearts behind his eyes. How could he forget how cute that sound was? "I do by the way. Still love you."

Eddie sighed, mouth curled downwards. "That doesn't change anything."

"Why not?"

Eddie shook his head, frowning. "Because even if we love each other, we still live in opposite sides of the country Rich, we can't make a long distance relationship work—"

"We're making a long distance friendship work Eds, how is that any different?" Richie argued. He didn't know where this was coming from, he hadn't planned to try and get Eddie back, but now that he knew there was a chance, that Eddie still loved him, he had to give it a shot.

"It's different if we're together, you— you could meet someone." Eddie said, voice small and sad. "What if you meet someone and you like them and you can't be with them because you're stuck with me? Your boyfriend that is a thousand miles away."

"I already met someone I like." Eddie's face fell and Richie had to stop himself from rolling his eyes at him. "It's you, you idiot. I don't want anyone else. Do you?" Eddie shook his head without missing a beat. "Then why the fuck are we still arguing, when we could be making up for four months of not kissing?"

Eddie chuckled, leaning in and butterflies exploded in Richie's chest at having Eddie so close. Before their lips touched though, Eddie paused. "Do you really think we can make this work?" He asked, Richie heard the fear and worry in his voice. He was worried too, but he loved Eddie too much to let fear get in the way again.

"I think we at least deserve a chance to try."

"Okay." Eddie said before finally closing the distance between them

and capturing Richie's lips in a kiss. Richie responded eagerly, pouring four months of longing into the kiss. Eddie climbed on his lap for a second time that day, Richie gave his thighs a squeeze.

"Fuck, I missed you." Richie said, smiling against Eddie's mouth.

"Me too, Rich." Eddie cradled Richie's face. "But if you use that Draw four card on me, I'm breaking up with you again."

Richie let out a laugh, nodding. He didn't care about the stupid game, as far as he was concerned, he already won.

## 17. NSFW - Camping Trip

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated E

Prompt: "Do you think they can hear us through the tent?"

"Yes we can."

The camping trip was Mike's idea.

This time instead of making six different phone calls, he pitched the idea in their recently created group chat.

That was how, almost a year after defeating It, the losers got together again. This time to spend a weekend in the middle of the woods, sleeping in tents and singing Kumbaya around a bonfire.

Or at least, that's what Richie was picturing.

Bill, Ben and Bev didn't need much convincing. The first one, because he would say yes to anything Mike said and the other two, because they were the type of people who were always ready for an adventure. As if fighting a fucking spider clown wasn't enough adventure to last them a lifetime.

Stan had agreed for the bird watching potential but had to cancel, with Patty so close to her due date he didn't want to leave her alone.

Surprisingly, Eddie had agreed rather quickly, probably due to his new therapist. He was doing so much better with her help and the fact that he was willing to spend three days in the wilderness surrounded by mosquitoes, bears and no real toilets was proof of that.

Richie was happy for Eddie. He couldn't possibly feel more proud, but he really wished Eddie was on his side for this, because then Richie wouldn't be the only one opposed to the idea. He pointed out that a bunch of forty year olds with back problems sleeping on the floor was a terrible idea, but even then no one backed out. Eddie even

threatened to withhold sex for a month if Richie didn't come with them.

So of course Richie reluctantly agreed.

But now he was wondering if it was worth it.

(Of course sex with Eddie was worth it, but right now Richie had mosquito bites all over him, including places he didn't think a mosquito could reach. He was cold from falling on the lake after he stepped on a faulty rock. And he was pretty sure every muscle in his body ached from the short walk there.)

"I have some calamine. It will help with the itch." Eddie said, ducking his head to enter their tent where Richie was wrapped up like a burrito inside his sleeping bag, trying to warm up. Eddie pursed his lips. "But I'm gonna need you to get out of there and out of your clothes to put it on you."

"You just want to get me naked." Richie said through gritted teeth, he had finally managed to get them to stop chattering from the cold.

Eddie smirked, closing the flap behind him. "You caught me." He said, kneeling next to him. "All those hives are really doing it for me."

Richie snorted, reluctantly exiting his warm cocoon. "Don't joke about that Eds, right now sex is the only thing that could turn this trip around."

Eddie rolled his eyes. "Come on, you big cry baby." He said, uncapping the calamine and applying some on every mosquito bite. Richie sighed in relief, feeling the itch beginning to disappear. Having Eddie's hands on him was also helping him with the cold, his body conditioned to heat up under his touch. "Feeling better?"

Richie nodded, relaxing when the need to scratch his skin off was gone. Eddie put the little bottle aside before returning his hands to Richie's body, applying more pressure to his touch and relieving some of the ache on Richie's muscles.

"Yes, fuck. That feels good."

"I can't believe you're sore. We didn't even walk a mile." Eddie chuckled, running his hands up and down Richie's body, kneading his muscles and eliciting groans of pleasure from him.

"I'm not like you Eds. I don't run every morning. I'm not ripped. I'm—*oh*." His words were cut off by a moan when Eddie's fingers brushed over Richie's nipple. "I'm— I'm getting a little worked up here, Eds." He said with a breathy laugh, feeling his dick start to harden in his pants.

Eddie bit down on his lower lip, a half smirk curling at his lips. Richie noticed his eyes were slightly hooded and fixed on Richie's rapidly growing erection. "I know, I thought I'd help you relieve some of the tension." He winked, moving to straddle Richie's legs, leaning forward to work on his chest. This time he brushed over Richie's nipples on purpose.

"Oh fuck, okay."

Eddie shushed him. "Just relax Rich. I'll take care of you."

Richie bit down a whine. Eddie's hands moved lower, until they reached the hem of his shirt. He bunched it up under Richie's armpits and raked his fingernails down the exposed skin. Richie had to bite down on his fist to keep from shouting as pleasure shot through his spine. Eddie's fingers played with the hair on his chest, scratching and pulling. Richie was practically writhing by the time Eddie was undoing the cord of Richie's sweatpants.

He palmed him through the fabric and Richie pushed his hips off the floor, hoping to get more pressure.

"Eddie, please." He whined, squeezing Eddie's thigh. "Touch me."

With a devious smile, Eddie dragged down Richie's pants and underwear, just enough to expose his dick. The cold air hit his heated skin and he shuddered. Then Eddie was wrapping his hand around him, giving Richie a few strokes.

"Oh fuck. Holy shit." Richie groaned, pushing his hips up desperately but Eddie held him down, setting a slow, torturous pace. After only a

few strokes, Richie was writhing. He had long since stopped feeling embarrassed for how fast Eddie was able to drive him to the edge. "Please Eds, I wanna come."

Eddie shook his head, running his thumb over the slit. "Not until you're inside me."

Richie's breath caught in his throat, eyes widening behind his glasses. Richie didn't think he would get to have sex with Eddie on this trip. And when Eddie started touching him and feeling him up earlier, he thought all he would be getting was a handjob. He never imagined he would get to fuck Eddie tonight. Suddenly, all thoughts about aching muscles and mosquito bites were gone.

"Don't worry. I'll do all the work, you lazy ass." Eddie smirked, reaching for his toiletry bag. Richie let out a whimper when he let go of his dick to rummage inside. He wanted to grab Eddie's hand and put it back on him but he knew they would need the supplies, so he waited.

Eddie fished out a condom, a bottle of lube and wet wipes. Richie let out a snort, "I wouldn't have given you so much shit about bringing a toiletry bag to the woods if I knew what was in it." Eddie sent him a look while shucking off his sleeping shorts. Richie grinned. "I would've given you shit for bringing a fucking sex kit, instead."

"Shut up." Eddie snapped with no heat. He squirted lube on his fingers and Richie watched as his hand disappeared behind him. "I like to be prepared."

"Prepared to be fucked down?" Richie asked, reaching up to hold Eddie's hips and help him keep his balance.

"Shut the fuck— *ah!*" Eddie moaned, mouth falling open. Richie couldn't see what Eddie was doing but he could see his arm moving and that was enough to imagine Eddie's fingers disappearing inside of him, having seen it before. "Fuck Rich, I'm still— *ah*. I'm still stretched from this morning." He gasped, fingers speeding up.

Richie had fucked him that morning before leaving, bending Eddie over the back of the couch. It was hard and fast because they didn't

have much time before Bill picked them up. Eddie was probably sore and more than a little sensitive but based on his blissed out expression as he fucked himself on his fingers, he was loving it.

"Fuck Eds, you look so hot." Richie groaned, running his thumbs over Eddie's hip bones eliciting a moan from him. "Yeah baby, hottest fucking thing I've ever seen."

"*Richie.*" Eddie whined, Richie's voice going straight to his cock, bobbing up and down between his legs as he fucked himself on his fingers. "Fuck fuck fuck. Grab the condom. I'm ready." He said, panting heavily.

Richie grabbed the condom, hearing the urgency on Eddie's voice. He ripped it open and rolled it on himself, hissing when his hand touched his dick. Eddie had pulled out his fingers and was pouring lube over Richie, giving him a few teasing strokes. He positioned himself over him but before he could lower himself on his dick, he leaned forward to kiss him.

Richie moaned against his lips, mouth parting to slide his tongue with Eddie's. It was wet and sloppy and it sent a spark of pleasure straight to Richie's dick.

Eddie pulled back, grinning and Richie watched in adoration as he lowered himself on his cock, head falling back with a breathy moan when he bottomed out.

"Eds jesus christ, you feel so good." He groaned, grabbing onto Eddie's hips with a bruising grip.

Eddie hummed, eyes closed and face scrunched up as he focused on getting used to the feeling. He started to slowly roll his hips and Richie had to bite down on his lower lip so he wouldn't cry out.

"Fuck Rich. I love how you feel inside me. So good, shit."

Richie keened at the praise, unable to stop himself from arching up. The movement made Eddie gasp and spurred him into action, he braced himself against Richie's chest and pushed himself up until only the head of Richie's cock was inside him and then pushed down.



He did it repeatedly, setting a fast and brutal pace.

Despite what Eddie said, Richie did some of the work, planting his heels on the floor to push his hips up when Eddie pushed down. Soon, his legs were killing him and there was a dull ache on his back but Eddie's breathy little *ah ah ah*'s had him pushing through the pain.

"I'm close, I'm fucking close Eds." Richie cried, heat burning and fizzing in his stomach.

Eddie nodded, picking up the pace. "Me too Rich, fuck. Touch me, please."

Richie wrapped one of his hands around Eddie's cock, hard and throbbing. The contact made him cry out, it was the first time either of them touched it since they started this. It was a loud sound, they had long since forgotten they should be trying to keep quiet. After all, the others were not that far.

"I think we're being too loud." Richie said, panting.

"What?" Eddie asked, distracted. He was too focused on bouncing on Richie's dick like his life depended on it. "Faster Richie, come on."

Richie nodded, stroking Eddie faster and pushing his hips up harder, aiming for his prostate. "We're being fucking loud. **Do you think they can hear us through the tent?**"

Eddie moaned when Richie circled the head of his dick with his thumb, his answer dying in his throat.

But Bill shouting "**Yes we can**" was really all the answer they needed.

"Big Bill, you perv!" Richie shouted with a laugh.

Eddie slapped him on the chest. "Focus, Richie." Either he didn't realize their friends could hear them having sex or he didn't care. "I'm so fucking close."

"I got you baby." Richie said, his friends disappearing from his mind. He tightened his hand around Eddie, moving faster. Eddie keened

loudly. "That's it Eds, come on."

"Fuck Richie. Fuck!" He moaned, eyes rolling to the back of his head as he exploded all over Richie's hand.

He continued moving his hips, clenching around Richie. "Eds oh my god, you're so— fuck!" He couldn't form words, so close to the edge that he could feel his toes curling.

Eddie pushed his hand away from him, leaning forward to place open mouthed kisses on Richie's chest, hips still moving. "Come for me, Rich." He whispered and when he bit down on Richie's nipple it was like an electric shock going through his body and Richie was coming, emptying himself in the condom, inside Eddie.

They stayed like that, Richie sprawled out on the floor and Eddie's head against his chest while they got their breathing under control. Richie ran his hand through Eddie's sweaty hair distractedly.

"That better be your clean hand." Eddie muttered after a few seconds of silence.

Richie snorted. "Of course it is. I value my life, you know."

Eddie lifted his head, smiling softly at Richie in his post orgasmic haze. When he reached over for a wet wipe he groaned, feeling Richie slip out of him. They cleaned up as best as they could but Eddie still wrinkled his nose when he laid down next to Richie, on top of his sleeping bag.

"I need a fucking shower." He said, glaring at the ceiling.

"Sorry we're out of those."

Eddie pushed him lightly with a snort. "I feel gross."

"You? I'm covered in sweat *and* fucking calamine."

Eddie chuckled. "We didn't think this through."

"Yeah dude, for a risk analyst you fucking suck at your job Eds."

"I was trying to make you feel better, asshole."

"I know, I know and you did." Richie said, rolling onto his side and throwing an arm over Eddie. "But just so you know, I don't think I'll be able to walk tomorrow. I'm too fucking old to have sex on the ground. I'm pretty sure you made me throw my back out."

Eddie let out a snort, turning his head to kiss Richie's temple. "You're a whiny bitch you know that right?"

"We *all* know that now!" Bill shouted, voice slightly manic. "We know more about you two than we ever wanted to!"

Richie snorted, Eddie covered his face with his hands, embarrassed. "Go to sleep Bill!" He could picture his friend flipping him off in the dark.

"They're so going to make fun of us tomorrow." Eddie groaned, careful to keep his voice low.

"Definitely. We should totally hide in here for the rest of the weekend." Richie said, moving closer to Eddie. "Safe from the mosquitoes and our friends."

Eddie laughed, tangling their legs together. "I like that plan."

## 18. "Are you- are you pulling down mistletoe?"

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated T

Prompt: "Are you- are you pulling down mistletoe?"

"I don't care about tradition, you try and get me to kiss you under the mistletoe and I will punch you."

### "Are you— are you pulling down mistletoe?"

Richie looked down at Eddie from the stepstool he was currently perched on. It was probably a bad idea to be up there, considering he'd been drinking Bill's eggnog since he arrived at their office party and he was feeling slightly drunk, but it was too late to worry about falling off now.

He stared at Eddie for a moment, hand extended towards the mistletoe. "Uh, no?"

Eddie raised an eyebrow and Richie could tell he was trying not to smile, most likely due to the fact that he was holding a cup of that same eggnog in his hand. "Then what are you doing, Richie?"

He glanced back at the plant. "I was admiring it. Up close."

"Right." Eddie said, taking a sip from his drink, face scrunching up adorably at the taste. "What are you really up to?"

"Well, I've been trying to get Stan, you know my friend from Accounting, to make a move on Mike for fucking ages, but he won't listen to me," He reached for the plant. "So I thought I'd take matters into my own hands and leave him with no choice." Richie explained, jumping down from the stool, only slightly wobbly on his feet and with the mistletoe in his hands.

"So what? You're going to hold the mistletoe over their heads and force them to kiss?"

"Pretty much, yeah." Richie said with a grin. "Wanna help Eds?"

"Don't call me that." Eddie replied, on instinct. He pursed his lips, eyes darting between Richie and the mistletoe in his hands. "I'll help, but only if we do the same for Bev and Ben. I don't think I can deal with the pining and the yearning looks any longer."

"Oh yeah," Richie agreed with a shaky laugh. "How annoying." He glanced nervously at Eddie. Cute, oblivious Eddie who hadn't noticed Richie pining and yearning for him for the past year.

"So, do we have a deal?"

Richie nodded. "Yes we do, Eduardo."

They tried to locate their targets but with the office so crowded, it was hard. After walking around for a while— and drinking some more of Bill's eggnog in the meantime— they found Stan and Mike talking and making eyes at each other near the food table. While Eddie distracted them, Richie approached them from behind, holding the mistletoe over their heads.

Eddie gasped over exaggeratedly and said, "Oh my God, look! Mistletoe!" in a terrible surprised voice. Richie stifled a laugh, heart fluttering like it did whenever Eddie did something cute— which, according to Richie, was all the fucking time.

Stan and Mike looked up, blushing to the tips of their ears. Richie jiggled the mistletoe, wagging his eyebrows at them. Stan glared at him making Richie actually fear for his life until Mike swooped in and caught Stan's lips in a sweet, short kiss.

Richie pumped a triumphant fist in the air and Eddie clapped excitedly. "I can't believe my plan fucking worked!" Richie said, throwing his arms around Mike and Stan, breaking them apart.

"I should kill you." Stan told him, words lacking heat with how hard he was smiling. "And you." He told Eddie.

"No can do Stan the man, Eds and I are on a mission."

"You and Eddie, huh?" Stan said, giving him a knowing look.

"Yes." Richie answered with a warning look of his own. "We're

Christmas cupids."

Eddie let out a drunken giggle and it caused a sharp intake of breath from Richie. Mike gave him a curious look and Stan quirked a very annoying eyebrow at him. Before either of them could say anything to embarrass him in front of Eddie, he asked, "Now, have either of you seen Beverly or Ben?"

"I think I saw Ben by the Christmas tree."

"Thank you, Mikey." Richie said, holding the mistletoe over their heads before leaning in to press a sloppy kiss to his cheek, making Mike snort. He tried to do the same with Stan, but he was stopped by a hand on his chest.

**"I don't care about tradition,"** He said, narrowing his eyes at Richie. **"You try and get me to kiss you under that mistletoe and I will punch you."**

Richie let out a snort. "Fair enough, I'll leave that to Mikey here." He gave Mike a pat in the back. "Merry Christmas lovebirds." He said, ditching them to wrap an arm around Eddie's shoulders instead. "Come on Eds. We still have one Christmas miracle left."

"Maybe two." Stan teased, eyes darting between Eddie and Richie.

Before Eddie could ask him what he meant, Richie was dragging him away, flipping Stan off behind his back.

Still, he narrowed his eyes at the mistletoe in Richie's hand. "What did Stan mean with *two*?"

"He meant me and your mom, of course." Richie joked with a shaky laugh. "Not that I need mistletoe to get her to kiss me."

Eddie wrinkled his nose adorably. "You're fucking ridiculous."

Richie couldn't help but blurt out, "And you're cute."

That made Eddie falter, blinking up at Richie with an unreadable expression, before he looked away. "We should find Ben." He said, heading towards the big Christmas tree in the middle of the room.

Richie followed him but while Eddie looked around the room for Ben, Richie's eyes stayed glued to Eddie.

Eddie in his ugly Christmas sweater— that wasn't even ugly at all, but fucking adorable. Eddie with his pretty brown eyes and his pink lips and the neat wave of his cowlick. Eddie, who Richie had been crushing on for as long as he had been working for this company. Since he'd accidentally walked into Eddie's office, down at the Risks department while he was searching for the break room. Richie knew he was a goner the moment he saw this tiny, handsome man in a sharp suit, pacing around his office, yelling statistics and every curse word known to man, to some poor soul on the other side of the phone.

The next day, Richie showed up at Eddie's office, claiming that he got lost again. Then again. And again.

At first, Eddie acted annoyed and ushered Richie away but eventually he grew on him— like mold, he liked to say— and now, Richie would show up every Tuesday and Thursday and they would eat lunch together while Eddie complained about his job and Richie pretended to fall asleep the moment he started talking.

They had a routine now, one that allowed Richie to get to know Eddie and did nothing to quiet his crush. In fact, it only made it worse, because Eddie wasn't just gorgeous, he was hilarious and angry and could give Richie as much shit as he gave him. His lunch dates with him— not that they were dates at all— were Richie's favorite part of the week, for God's sake.

Richie knew he was in too deep and yet he still hadn't gathered enough courage to go from shameless flirting and pathetic heart eyes to actually asking Eddie out. Stan had tried to convince him to do it a few times, but Richie refused to listen to the guy who had been crushing on another coworker for two years and done nothing about it.

Richie stared down at the mistletoe in his hands. If it worked for Stan, it could work for him right? Except he wasn't entirely sure Eddie wouldn't freak out and make a scene if Richie snuck up on him with the mistletoe.

"Rich, I think I see Ben." Eddie said, coming to a stop in front of him. "He's— oh."

"What?" Richie asked, bumping into him. "He's what?"

"I don't think Ben will be needing our help."

"Wait, why not? *Oh* ." Richie gasped when he saw it— there, barely hidden by the Christmas tree, was Ben and he was making out with Beverly. "Go Ben!" He chuckled. "Guess we won't be needing this anymore."

Eddie cocked his head. "Can I have it for a second?"

Richie shrugged, handing it over. Eddie played with it in his hands, face scrunched up. Richie flinched when, in one quick movement, Eddie held the ornament over their heads.

His eyes darted between the mistletoe and Eddie's face, where he was nervously biting on his bottom lip. "Uh, what are you doing?"

Eddie rolled his eyes, exasperated. "What does it look like I'm doing, asshole?"

"Well, it looks like you're trying to get me to kiss you but—" Eddie gave him a pointed look. Richie gasped, always a little slow on the taking. "Oh shit."

Eddie retreated slightly. "Unless you don't want to—"

"I do! Trust me, I fucking do."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

That was all Richie needed to cradle Eddie's face and lean in. The moment their lips touched, Richie's heart did a flip. And then another one when Eddie gripped his waist and pulled him in, his tongue sliding into Richie's mouth. He could taste the sweet, strong flavor of the eggnog they've been drinking all night.

They pulled apart only when they heard Mike and Stan cheering obnoxiously. Eddie turned bright red, hiding his face in Richie's



chest. He dragged them to a more private place, flipping off the other two.

They ended up in a supply closet and Richie pressed Eddie against the door as soon as it was closed. "We're not making out in a supply closet." Eddie said, reading the intent in Richie's eyes.

He whined, disappointed. "Why not Eds?"

"We work here!"

"Wait, does that mean I don't get to make out with you on our weekly lunch dates either?" Eddie's stare was answer enough. "What if I bring this?" He asked, stealing the mistletoe from Eddie and holding it between them.

"Richie—"

"Keep in mind that it's bad luck to defy tradition." Richie cut in.

"I guess we can't risk it then." Eddie said, failing to bite down a smile.

"You're the risk analyst after all." Richie said, giving him a silly grin and holding the mistletoe over their heads.

Eddie rolled his eyes but still pushed himself onto his tiptoes to kiss Richie one more time. Smiling against the kiss, Richie decided he was going to hold on to that piece of mistletoe for a long time.

## 19. NSFW - In The Office

### Summary for the Chapter:

Rated M

Prompt:

"There's people here."

"How quickly can you come."

"Good to know I'm not the only reason behind your frown lines."

Richie leaned against the doorframe of Eddie's office, watching him scowl at his computer. His husband looked up, ready to lash out at whoever was interrupting him but his expression softened when he saw Richie.

"Hey Rich. What are you doing here?"

"Well, I had that meeting with the dudes from Netflix and I thought I'd stop by and pay my adorable husband a visit." He said, stepping into the office and closing the door behind him. "I even brought you lunch." He held up a paper bag with Eddie's favorite restaurant logo.

A soft smile curled along Eddie's lips. "You didn't have to do that."

Richie shrugged, walking towards the desk and leaning over it to give Eddie a kiss. "You told me you'd have a busy day and usually when that happens, you forget to eat."

Eddie's stomach grumbled in that moment. "Fuck, you're right."

Richie gave him the bag and Eddie pulled out his (gluten-free) pasta tossed with roasted vegetables and (dairy-free, soy-free) parmesan, giving Richie a grateful smile before digging in. Richie perched up on his desk, telling Eddie all about his meeting while he ate.

Once the food was gone, Eddie went back to glaring at his computer while angrily typing an email, shoulders hunched and tight in a way that seemed uncomfortable and unhealthy.

Richie jumped down from the desk, moving to stand behind Eddie's

chair.

"What are you doing?"

"You need to relax, Eds." Richie said, brushing his fingers over Eddie's shoulders. "My back hurts just from looking at you."

"Your back hurts because you're old." Eddie snorted, eyes glued to the computer.

"Spaghetti gets off a good one!" He laughed. "But I'm serious, you need a short break."

"Rich, I can't."

"But Eds, how can I find my poor husband so terribly stressed and leave him like that?"

Eddie hummed distractedly until Richie started rubbing his shoulders, kneading the stiff muscles, causing him to groan in pleasure.

"Oh." Eddie's hands fell to his lap as he relaxed back against his chair. "Okay, maybe I can take a minute."

Richie chuckled, applying more pressure while Eddie let out soft sighs. Making a bold decision, his hands moved on to Eddie's chest, trailing down his front, careful not to mess up his shirt and tie.

Eddie didn't make a big effort to push Richie's hands away until they started playing with his belt. When they did he yelped, whirling around in his chair to push a sharp finger against his chest. "What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm just helping you relax, baby." Richie said, leaning on the armrests and slowly peppering the skin of Eddie's neck with little, urgent kisses.

"Richie, we can't." Eddie said, but he tilted his head back, granting Richie more access. "Seriously. **There's people here**— I have a meeting in twenty minutes!"

Richie bit down on Eddie's earlobe, whispering against his ear. "Then I better hurry up." He flashed him a cocky grin before dropping to his knees in front of him.

Eddie cursed under his breath when Richie palmed him over his slacks, feeling how his dick was already half hard. "Shit Eds, I haven't even done anything." Richie gasped, watching Eddie thrust his hips against his hand.

"Shut up." Eddie muttered, starting to blush.

He reached down to undo his belt but Richie clicked his tongue, slapping the hand away and doing it himself. "I got this baby, just sit back and relax."

Richie stroke him over his briefs, seeing a wet spot start to form where he was steadily leaking precome. He couldn't resist leaning forward and giving it a few kitten licks, causing Eddie to whine and grip the armrests.

"Rich, we don't have a lot of time." Eddie muttered, voice strained and needy. "Stop teasing me."

Richie would love to keep teasing him, he could do it for hours, but the last thing he wanted was for them to get caught before he could make Eddie come.

"You're right." Richie said, hand slipping inside Eddie's briefs and pulling his cock out. "Fuck, you're so hard already."

Eddie bit his bottom lip trying to keep from crying out as Richie's hand moved slowly over him. "Richie, please."

He smirked. "Okay, okay. Let's see **how quickly can you come.**" And with that, he took Eddie in his mouth, earning a choked moan from him.

Richie had to reach down to adjust himself in his jeans. He was hard just from watching Eddie, and having his dick in his mouth only made him harder. He sucked him off in earnest, doing everything Eddie liked to bring him to the edge.

"Fuck, oh fuck." Eddie groaned as Richie teased at the slit with his tongue, before taking him as deep as he could. Eddie weaved his hand through his hair. "I'm close, Richie."

Richie pulled back, a string of saliva connecting him to Eddie's dick, Eddie reached down to run his thumb over his wet lips with a hungry look.

"I got you, Eds." He said, playfully biting Eddie's thumb before his mouth returned to his dick. Eddie was biting his lip, trying very hard to stay quiet as Richie picked up the pace until his chest was heaving and his eyes were screwed shut and he was desperate to come. Richie could tell he only needed one last push so he slid his hand down to cup and play with Eddie's balls.

"Fuck Richie, oh fuck." Eddie moaned, fingers tightening in Richie's hair as his orgasm hit. His mouth stayed on him until he'd swallowed everything and Eddie had relaxed back against his chair.

Richie wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, sitting back on his heels to stare at his husband. His head was thrown back, an arm slung over his eyes and a dark flush spreading from the tips of his ears all the way down to his chest. He looked sinful, sitting there with his dick out, spent and glistening with spit— Richie was sure that if he reached into his own jeans in that moment, he would come after one single stroke.

"Stop staring at me, you perv." Eddie said, opening one eye to peer down at Richie. He had a lazy, satisfied grin on his face and his eyes were shining with affection.

"Who are you calling perv? You're the one who let me suck you off in your office."

Eddie wrinkled his nose, glancing down at himself like he only realized that now. "Can you get me some tissues from the first cabinet?"

Richie nodded, crawling towards the desk and retrieving the tissues. Eddie cleaned himself off and tucked himself back in his pants.

When Richie stood up he hissed, feeling the fabric of his jeans drag against his erection.

Eddie's eyes darted to Richie's crotch. "Do you want help with that?"

Richie really wanted to take Eddie up on the offer but it was probably not a good idea to push their luck, especially since he knew that he would be way too loud if Eddie did as much as touch his cock.

"Don't worry babe, you can return the favor when you get home." He said with a wink. "Besides, I'd probably blow my load the moment you touch my dick and I doubt you'd appreciate a come stain on your suit."

Eddie snorted, he looked a lot more relaxed than before and it made a pleased smile appear on Richie's face.

"I'll make it up to you." Eddie said, wrapping his arms around Richie's waist. "Thank you for bringing me lunch. And— for the other thing."

"Anytime, Eds."

Richie wanted to lean down and kiss him, but he knew that Eddie would scrunch up his nose and whine about Richie not brushing his teeth first, so instead he pressed his lips to his forehead. Eddie hummed happily, his hands squeezing Richie's sides.

In that moment the door opened and Tara, Eddie's secretary, popped her head in.

"Mr. Kaspbrak, they're waiting for you." She said before she noticed that Eddie wasn't alone. She gave them an apologetic smile. "Oh. I thought your husband left already, I'm sorry."

Eddie gave Tara a strained smile. "He was just leaving." He said. "I'll be there in a minute."

She nodded and slipped outside, closing the door.

"Before you say anything—"

"You didn't lock the fucking door?!" Eddie whispered yelled, slapping Richie's chest with a horrified expression.

"Ow! I'm sorry, I thought I did." Richie said, holding his hands up in defense.

Eddie pinched the bridge of his nose. "You're lucky I love you."

"I am." Richie nodded, grinning. "Very lucky."

A soft smile curled along Eddie's lips, he tried to hide it from Richie by pushing him towards the door. "Go, now. I have a meeting. I'll see you at home."

Richie ducked his head down to press a kiss on his cheek but before he could, Eddie was tilting his head so their lips slotted together instead, taking Richie by surprise. Especially when Eddie's hand snuck between them to squeeze Richie's dick through his jeans.

Richie's eyes widened and he moaned against Eddie's mouth, dick growing hard again. "What the fuck, Eddie?"

"That's for almost getting us caught." Eddie said, pulling back and flashing Richie a playful smirk. "Enjoy the walk home, Rich."

"You little devil."

Eddie simply shoved him out of his office, waving playfully at him as he closed the door.

Still facing the door, Richie took a moment to adjust himself, swallowing a groan at the touch. Then he turned around, giving Tara a shaky smile on his way to the elevator.

And if Tara noticed that he was walking a bit funny, she was kind enough not to mention it.

### **Author's Note:**

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